

Built a House and Furnished It With Old Newspapers



This House Is Built of Old Newspapers, the Walls Being Made of 215 Thicknesses of Newspaper Paper and Coated With Varnish. It Has Withstood the Elements Successfully Since 1922.

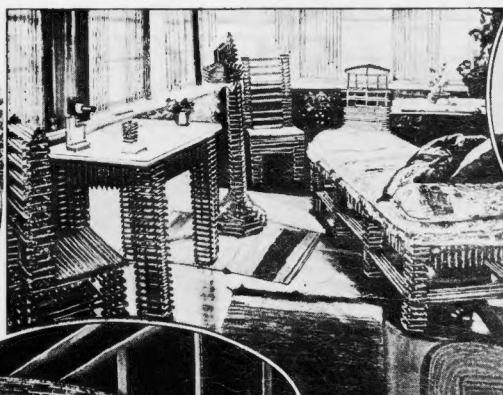
OF HAND, the idea of building a house out of old newspapers sounds rather like "building a house on the sands." Somewhat fantastic, to say the least, and hardly practical. But Ellis F. Stenman, of Pigeon Cove, Mass., does not feel that way about it at all. He actually has built his house out of old newspapers, and equipped it with furniture made out of old newspapers, too—as can be seen from the accompanying photographs—and he finds his home a snug little nest Winter and Summer.

Curious people who come to see its unique abode often ask him if he does not feel a trifle uneasy when the rain is threatening down in torrents and the wind is blowing a gale—but to all such questions he merely laughs and replies: "It has weathered every storm since 1922, and is still as good as new. Better, in fact—for it's just beginning to get seasoned properly."

The idea came to Stenman one day back in 1922 when his eyes happened to come to rest upon a stack of newspapers. A lot of work had gone into converting these into newspaper for those old papers—a lot of work that in the end only stacked into a pile of discarded dailies.

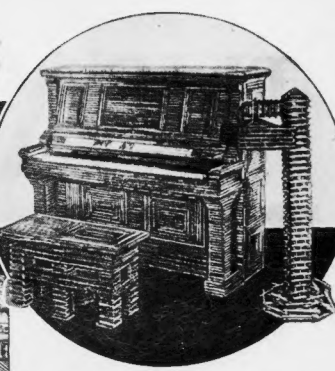
He thought of the growing trees in some big forest, of men with double-edged axes hacking them down, of how they fell with a thundering crash. He saw loggers making them out with donkey engines and cables—saw the logs plunging down flumes. A picture of men with timber hooks releasing a log jam in a river came to him. He let his mind run over the idea of how the logs were fed into the maw of massive machines at the paper mill, how the fibre was converted into pulp and the pulp pressed, rolled and dried.

The thought was a staggering. It seemed too bad that the only evidence of



Living Room of the Newspaper House at Pigeon Cove, Mass. The Furniture, Old-Looking but Comfortable and Sturdy, Is Made of Newspapers.

all of that vast effort should be nothing but a stack of old newspapers—good for nothing much except to serve as wrapping for parcels, to start fires in the kitchen stove, or something menial like that. Houses were built of wood, and newspaper was made of wood—well, why not make a house of newspapers? The idea fascinated him. The paper boards he fashioned were strong—he felt they were every bit as strong as



The Piano Case, the Stool and the Light Stand All Are Fashioned of Newspapers.

wood, and just as durable. So he set out to build his paper house. He had to use some wood, of course, for the framework, the scantlings and joists. But outside of that, and the bricks for the fireplace—he had to make a concession, these were every piece of material used was paper.

For the walls he used 215 thicknesses of newspaper coated with three appli-

cations of varnish. Material for the furniture was obtained by rolling up papers, gluing them together, and cutting the resulting "poles" to fit. The chairs, piano case, tables and even the pen holder were made of newspapers. The effect, Stenman believes, is pleasing to the eye.

Stenman makes a special effort not to mar the reading matter. "Who knows," he says, "some future generation, some future civilization, may come upon the remains of this house, and unrolling the newspapers, read there an invaluable record of our culture."

Why a Cat's Eyes Glisten

EVERYONE has noticed that the eyes of a cat or dog, as well as the eyes of many wild animals, glisten in the dark when a light is flashed on them. But few people know why this is. As explained by the Better Vision Institute, the reason is that those animals have a mirror-like reflecting substance lining the interior of the eyeball, just back of the retina, which is the network of tiny nerves that receives the pictures from the outer world and transmits them to the brain.

Even on the blackest night there is always a little light, but the eyes of humans have lost their power of catch-

ing these stalking rays and using them as night-stalking animals do. These faint rays, entering the eye of a cat, for instance, pass through the retina, and after leaving an image are reflected by the mirror-like substance back into the outer world to the original object. There, they join fresh rays from the object and are sent back into the cat's eye. Thus, each ray is reflected back and forth, time after time, enabling the cat to see things people cannot see in the dark.

The human eye has a similar reflector, but it has degenerated in the centuries since "homo sapiens" became civilized.

Canine Chorus: "We're All Just One Big, Happy Family"

MAYBE it is not ordinarily considered so thrifty nowadays to have large families—what with money pretty scarce and the cost of living what it is. But the mamma and papa of the nine "Scotty" pups shown in the accompanying photograph have nothing to worry about—the problem of upkeep will not rest on them. There is no reason for them to let their Scotch consciences fret them over the extravagance of having given the world so many **BIG GET** scotties to feed.

The sire and dam of this extraordinarily large litter of "Scotties," born recently in the kennels of Miss J. Wijk, of Hemel Hempstead, England, are

both famous champions. Naturally enough, Miss Wijk was highly delighted over this unusually numerous addition

which Mamma and Papa Scotty have made to their family—for who knows, there might be one or more prize

winning champions in the lot? If she wants to sell the pups, Miss Wijk can ask and get a fancy price for

each of them, for they have pedigrees that are almost regal in their length and impressiveness.

So these nine little "Scotties" and their parents are just one great big, happy canine family, with not a care in the world. It was a great day at Hemel Hempstead, England, when these pups arrived. Everyone around the kennel got excited, and when the litter was counted, there was general rejoicing.

The "Scotty" comes originally from the highlands of Scotland, where he was used to unearth foxes and other "varmints." He is famed for his stout heart and his pluck, and is known as a "dunkard."

One of the dog's outstanding characteristics is its loyalty to its master, even at the cost of its life.



An Extraordinary Litter of Nine Scotties, the Youngsters of Two Famous Parents Who Are Champions. They Are Owned by Miss J. Wijk, of Hemel Hempstead, England.

Selected From 25,000 Girls as Queen of Dental Charm



They Were Having a Lemonade Party at Brighton Beach, England, and This Kindly Little Girl Was Trying to Induce the Donkey to Go Over to the Stand for a Drink.

AS readers of The American Weekly will recall from various articles that have appeared in this magazine, science in recent years has been uncovering new evidence that good teeth are not due altogether to regular brushing and cleaning, but equally as much if not more to proper diet from birth.

If this new line of science is true, and there is strong evidence to support the contention—then the attractive girl in the photograph at the right must have been religiously eating only the right kind of food all her life, as well as dutifully making use of her tooth brush twice a day.

This young woman, famed both for her perfect teeth and her perfect smile, was chosen recently from more than 25,000 girls as the "Queen of Dental Charm." She is Miss Mildred M. Smith, of Wilbur, Washington, and from her smile she seems to be

well pleased—and rightly so—at her victory. Without casting any doubt upon the validity of the judges' decision—for obviously Miss Smith's teeth are deserving of the attention and honor that have been accorded them—one cannot escape wondering how much her captivating smile may have had to do with aiding her to capture the title. Judges are only human—even judges of a "dental charm contest"—and certainly they must have found Miss Smith's smile hard to resist.

Some scientists now believe that decay in teeth does not begin so much from bacteria growing in soft food particles that adhere to the outside of the teeth and the gums, as from some blood deficiency in the body that starts the decay on the inside of the tooth. More brushing of course, cannot save teeth thus affected.



Miss Mildred Smith, of Wilbur, Washington, Who Was Chosen From a Throng of Contestants as the Girl With the Most Perfect Teeth.

Driving the Donkey to Drink

IF feminine tactics good and agree with little girls, is there any sound reason why it should not be equally pleasant to donkeys? Not that there is the slightest similarity between little girls and donkeys. Little girls are made out of "everything nice," but donkeys—well, everyone knows what donkeys are like. Take the one in the accompanying photograph—if it would be possible to "take" him anywhere. He is certainly

acting in characteristic donkey fashion, and all the lovely little girl is trying to do is give him a drink of lemonade. She was attending a recent "lemonade party" at Brighton Beach, England, and having consumed all of the lemonade that was good for her at the moment, she felt kindly toward all the world. It was a hot day, and there was that poor donkey, that had been trotting around for hours with children on his back, having no fun at all himself. He deserved to be rewarded—but she learned that it is a mighty hard task to drive a donkey to anything, including lemonade.

Clever Murder Scheme to Get Rid of His Wife

Mr. Rhodes Sure Enough Got Rid of Her, but He Overdid the Thing and Now He Is On His Way to the Gallows



Photograph of the Shattered Shotgun After Some of the Pieces Had Been Picked Up and Assembled.

WHEN a butcher kills his wife or sweetheart he is likely to use a carving knife; a thug uses his pistol; a doctor or druggist a poison; a carpenter or automobile mechanic a hammer or wrench. And so it was that Walter H. Rhodes, an Iowa quarry worker, quite naturally chose to blast his wife to death with the dynamite he knew how to use in splitting great masses of rock free from the cliffs in the quarry.

But it bothered him just how to rig the blast so it would destroy his wife Mabel and not point suspicion to Rhodes. At last a clever idea came to him: he would pack dynamite into a shotgun shell. Then he would arrange a situation where she would quite naturally fire the gun and nobody would ever guess that it wasn't the explosion of the cartridge that blew the girl to pieces and accidentally killed Mrs. Rhodes.

But Rhodes, skilled as he was in blasting rocks in the quarry, didn't know just how much dynamite to use in his shotgun scheme. He overestimated the charge; used too much. The gun was smashed to splinters and his wife's head was almost blown off her body. And that set some of the people to thinking: no load of powder in a shotgun shell could make such a wreck of things.

What was it then? Dynamite, of course—dynamite.

Who around the house would have dynamite? Well, the woman's husband had worked in a stone quarry and used dynamite—could it be that it was Rhodes who packed that gun with its fatal load?

So the police had a possible clue and pretty soon they had a motive. The motive was love for Mrs. Mabel Skriver, an attractive divorcee, who was engaged to marry him and actually wearing his engagement ring. But Mabel had asked all sorts of bothersome questions forcing him to tell as many lies that finally the only solution to his entanglement seemed to be murder. He had tied himself into a hole and thought he could blast himself out.

When Walter Rhodes, who is twenty-nine years old and lived in Iowa City, first met Mrs. Skriver, who is thirty-three, he told her that he was a married man with two children. It was the truth, but he was embarrassed when she reminded him of it the first time he asked to take her out. He explained that he and his wife were estranged, which was also the truth to a small degree.

This was enough until the man began to show signs of serious interest in Mrs. Skriver, and then, in reply to her questions, he had to say that he was not living with his wife and never would again. That untruth led to another as his affection became warmer and instead of meeting twice a week the couple were seeing each other every day. If he was permanently estranged and not living with his wife, why wasn't someone getting a divorce?

It was a reasonable question and called for a definite answer, so he replied that he was, and that his lawyer was expecting it next day. But as soon as he got deep enough to start talking of being actually engaged, Mrs. Skriver would not consider it until he had his divorce and Walter therefore lied again. He said that the trial was over and the judge had indicated that he would grant the decree, but that it would not actually be handed down for perhaps another sixty days.

Like many another liar, Rhodes went home and tried to convert his lie into the truth. He succeeded in increasing the estrangement between him and his wife Mabel so much that she suspected another woman and they had bitter quarrels. Try as he would, however, he could not be induced to start divorce proceedings or leave their home. Time passed and the day approached when he was due to receive that mythical divorce decree.

Every time he saw sweetheart Mabel,



Walter Rhodes After His Arrest for the Murder of His Wife.

she chatted happily about their marriage and plans of housekeeping. Such talk is a thrill and delight to a man as passionately in love as was Walter, but in his case it was an agony because he knew that it could never be, unless—unless what? His mind searched vainly for a way to avoid the coming exposure.

Having been freshly divorced herself, sweetheart Mabel knew something about the process and would probably insist on seeing the document. Perhaps he could fix up some sort of forged document that would fool her, but would it fool the marriage license clerk, who must see it if he admitted having been divorced? And admit it he must, or his bride would know that something was wrong.

It was even worse than that, because if he was to vomit bigamy it must be done far away among strangers, whereas Mrs. Skriver, in happy ignorance of the truth, had every intention of settling down right there where both, as she called, Walter and she, had bought a home.

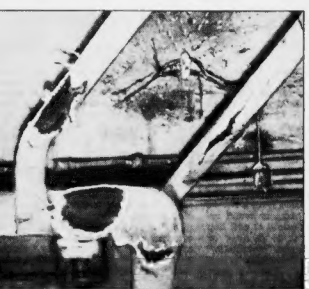
It was a child who will lie, steal, and now he began to understand why. Liars of all ages are likely to get themselves into difficulties from which only crime can deliver them. So Walter finally concluded that if his wife would not give him a slow, legal divorce, there was another, instantaneous kind, the "pistol divorce."

The objection to that quick and simple method of making it murder in Iowa is punished by hanging. After discussing every murder method of which he had ever heard, he had an inspiration which nobody could doubt. He had an old shotgun and people have been killed by explosions of old shotguns. Why couldn't it happen to his wife as well as anyone else? Fortunately she liked firearms and was a good shot with that gun.

The problem of making it blow up in her face the next time she used it, an



The Unfortunate Mrs. Walter Rhodes, Who Unintentionally Killed Herself.



Portion of the Ceiling of the Cellar, Showing How the Asbestos Wrapping Was Torn From the Steam Pipes and a Portion of Mrs. Rhodes' Skull and Hair Was Driven Into the Plaster in the Ceiling.

almost impossible thing for many persons, would be easy for him who had handled dynamite in a quarry for years. Not only had he learned by experience the amount and the right way to place the explosive, but how to throw it out safely when frozen and to cut the tricky stuff up into crumbs. The detonation of dynamite is so sudden that it cannot be used even in the heaviest coast defense ordinance and therefore would surely blow up the fragile breech of any shotgun. Walter saw the possibilities of a perfect crime but first he studied it from every angle for weaknesses.

The authorities would examine the pieces of the gun and perhaps send it to a laboratory for chemical tests. Would these reveal that dynamite had



Sleuthily Mr. Rhodes Emptied a Cartridge Shell and Filled It With Dynamite. But It Backfired Into Shotgun and Wailed for an Opportunity to Induce Mrs. Rhodes to Fire It. The Right Occasion Came One Day When She Was Down in the Cellar With Her Husband. He Passed Her the Gun and, With No Suspicion of the Plot, She Fired It, Shattering the Gun and Blowing Part of Her Head Off.

been used? As an expert he knew that the answer was no. Nitro-glycerine, dynamite and smokeless powder all use the same explosive principle; the difference being that in dynamite it is combined with inert material in a stick or in a cartridge for smokeless powder to make the explosion more gradual.

There was a big dose of dynamite would leave no fingerprints, but still he realized that there might be unpleasant suspicions if a trip in the country to see what they could shoot. He was carrying the gun and naturally did not want the first shot. Therefore, seeing a bottle on a table he solved her if she could hit it. For some reason nobody will ever know she replied:

"No, you hit it."

Not wanting to blow his own head off, he could think of nothing better than to pretend to take offense and pick such a quarrel that they went home hardly on speaking terms. On February 9, he was down in the cellar fixing the furnace when Mrs. Rhodes came down to tell him about trouble with the washing machine. When this had been discussed he added casually: "And the firing pin on the gun over there won't work."

This woman who had refused to fire

the weapon at a bottle now picked it up and, standing beside him, asked how he knew.

"Just cock it and pull the trigger," he replied, "and you will see. And say, point it over there because there is a shell in it."

Mrs. Rhodes pointed the gun toward the far end of the cellar, thus turning her back to her husband. This gave him the chance as she cocked the gun, raised it to her shoulder and pulled the trigger, to stoop, crouching and with stealthily, trembling steps away from her. Just as he was getting behind a partition wall a thunderous explosion shook the house.

Nearly all of his wife's head was blown off as well as her left hand, part of her right hand and part of her right shoulder. It was a thorough job, too, though, as he could see in the wondering eyes of sheriff, coroner and others who surveyed the havoc. Yet none had ever seen that sort of explosion, and the man talked convincingly, except that he could not explain why they found no shot pellets.

The thing that made them send the remains of the gun to various experts was discovering that a piece of the breech had passed clear through the collar ceiling, the floor above, and imbedded itself in the first-story ceiling. The experts agreed that nothing less than dynamite could have wreaked such havoc; a search revealed the shot in the trap and someone told them about the other woman.

Mrs. Skriver not only supplied the motive but added one of the strangest details that ever turned up in a murder case. It seems that at 8:30 P. M., January 30, the day he vainly tried to get his wife to shoot at a bottle, Rhodes telephoned Mrs. Skriver, saying:

"A gun has just blown up and my wife is in bad condition. One side of her head is blown in and her left hand is almost blown off. A piece of bone is pressing on a nerve. I am at the hospital and can't get away."

Later he told her that he had gotten the papers to hush it up and she wasn't so badly off as he thought. "Nobody has attempted to catch why the man told as an accomplished fact, a murder he was to commit ten days later."

A jury, with seven women in it, found him guilty of murder and recommended hanging.

Co Eds Grown To The Sea For Novel Hats



A Horsey Effect Acquired by Simply Decorating the Knitted Cap With a Real Seahorse. It Makes a Neat and Lasting Ornament.



This Delicate, Pink-Tinted Argonaut Shell Was Found to Blend Well With the Shell-Designed Gown, for Evening Wear.



A Brilliantly Colored Angel Fish Provides an Attractive Ornament on the Broad Brim of This Spectator Sports Hat.

MANY of the contributions in "la mode" made at the smart watering places in this country are not worth much, except to the press agents of the communities whose job it is to think up ideas to please the cameramen and the picture-minded editors of newspapers and magazines.

But the co-eds at the University of Miami have originated some millinery ideas which seem to have considerable sense to them and which, it is rumored, have caused the fashion cars of Paris to quirk interested eyebrows in the direction of the Florida resort.

Being next to the ocean they went to the sea for inspiration and the photographs on this page show how charmingly they applied some of the "crit-

The Smallest Shark Ever Caught in Miami Waters Is Modeled to Give a Jaunty Effect to This Hat of Exceptional Millinery Favored by the Florida Co-eds.

ters" they picked up to the ancient but ever-new art of decorating hats.

The young woman at the extreme left of the page is wearing a topknot which is patterned after a sailor's work hat, only it is knitted and decorated with a real seahorse which has had the attention of a taxidermist so that it won't disintegrate and swell had, to say nothing of looking less than pleasing.

The next picture shows another member of the University student body nattily arrayed in a hat to which is attached one of the smallest sharks ever caught in Florida waters. This had made a hit when it was paraded at a fashion show of the seaside chaqueurs.

In the center of the page the ornament which looks like one of those Spanish combs is an argonaut shell,

picked up on the shore and polished to bring out all its pearly tones. It is worn with a dress which, appropriately enough, has a design patterned after the shells found on the southern beaches.

Offhand it would seem that an angel

fish is much more at home in the warm waters of the semi-tropics than stuffed and fastened to the top of somebody's hat. But as one of the pictures on this page shows, one of those plump little swim-mers makes a fetching ornament for the crown of a drooping-brimmed hat. The taxidermist, with the help of paint and varnish, managed to preserve most

of the beautiful natural coloring of the creature.

The smiling young woman at the extreme right of the page elected to try her hand at millinery designing with a crab which she fished out of the sea not far from the university campus. She selected a modern version of the Colonial three-cornered hat—the tricorne, as it was called in the early days of the nation—and was one of the hits of the show. The crab looked very much like a jeweled buckle with its shell and legs shackled to preserve it from the effects of wind and weather.

Even the Crab Is Made an Artistic Fellow. This Grasshopper Sea Crab Looks Well on the Throbbing White Continental Hat.

Another adapted a spring of coral. Many people who imagined that the girls were just prancing to get their pictures in the papers, predicted that their hats might well start a new vogue.

Elephant Reduced By the Camera

HERE and there about the world there are people who have made the business of collecting pictures and statues of elephants an avocation. In this country there is one man who has the rooms of his home decorated—if that is the word—with more than 5,000 likenesses of the biggest land "critter."

The odd photograph reproduced below ought to interest the gentleman and everybody else who goes in for elephants. At first glance it appears to be an untouched picture. But, of course, it isn't. A clever photographer has "doctored" the print.

He started out with two perfectly good snapshots of the same elephant—one shot taken head-on and the other in profile. These are the two larger pictures. When he had pasted those photographs down on a piece of cardboard he went to work with a brush and some paint and made it appear that the wrinkled trunk of the big fellow was hanging over the broad back of another beast of the same species.

Then he took this group of two elephants—and, remember, two elephants are really the same brute in different sizes and poses and made two other prints, one of medium size and the other very small. Then he pasted these pictures beneath the largest one in such a manner that the result is a herd of six elephants fitting together as neatly as a jigsaw puzzle.

Such trick pictures are published in German newspapers and in magazines once a year, on the first of April. The powers-that-be in Nazi-land are very careful what goes in their dailies and in all their publications, and as the rest of the world knows, censor all items which might tend to weaken the influence of the regime on the country's citizens. But they are no danger to the composite photographs which, more often than not, are cleverly conceived April fool jokes. These "doctored" pictures sometimes deceive editors in other countries.

German photographers are handy at this sort of thing, and many times have monkeyed around with perfectly good snapshots until incredible situations have appeared to be the literal truth as revealed by the camera's eye.



This Might Have Been Called "An Elephant Mother's Dream," but It Looks More Like a Nightmare. A Clever Photographer, Using Two Pictures of the Same Elephant, in Different Poses, With Shears and Pasteboard, Finally Graduated Them Down to the Strange Herd Shown Above.

"Filth Avenue," Havana



This Is What the Cuban Artist Made of the Copy Sent Him by Mme. Argentina, Who Wanted to Advertise Her Shop as "Filth Avenue." The Sign Is on One Side of the Main Boulevard Out of Havana.

TURKISHS are always delighted at the courtesies of spelling out the names of the hotels and restaurants of Cuba. But perhaps a prize ought to be awarded to the artist who put the lettering on a huge sign near the Marianao bathing pavilion, which is on the main boulevard out of Havana.

Mme. Argentina, the dressmaker, thought it would draw the attention of American visitors if she named her shop the "Filth Avenue," but the artist

made a mistake when he went to work to transfer the name of one of New York's more famous streets to the big signboard—an error that has given no end of amusement to Americans and others in the Cuban capital.

What effect, if any, the mistake has had on Mme. Argentina's patronage is hard to say. But the trademark of her establishment is certainly less glamorous and attractive than she intended it to be.

Why Cranberries Must Bounce

FEW people have any idea what a cranberry has to go through before it finds its way to market. For one thing the berry has to prove that it is, in a manner of speaking, something of an athlete—in order to get by the inspector and, eventually, go to the storehouse or the corner grocery as a proper member of its species to be made into sauce or jelly.

Some time ago this business of making cranberries bounce was adopted as the surest test of good condition. The berries, deep red in color, have a rather thick skin. If the berry is sound inside and its skin is prime it will hop when dropped. And if it can get over the fence, then it can't go to market.

Uncle Sam's alert inspectors of fruits and vegetables know all about cranberries and their ability to bounce, and they are helping farmers raise more and more resilient berries. But lately they have been working on a scheme to hold that bounce even when the berries have been parked away in storehouses for several months.

The berries are picked in the late summer or early fall, but it isn't until Thanksgiving and Christmas time that the market demand for the crop is active. This makes it necessary to store the berries until people are ready to buy them. In the past, and even today, this period of waiting takes the bounce out of a lot of cranberries.

Government experts have found that heat is the biggest factor in robbing a bouncy cranberry of its springiness, and are telling growers that their storehouses should be kept at a temperature of about 36 degrees—about

four degrees above freezing—to keep the berries in their harvest.

Some time ago The American Weekly published a true cranberry article which did a great deal to make Americans more cranberry-conscious. It related the strange case of a worn-out beg in Carver, Massachusetts—a quarter-acre patch of ground that had been turned over to the town's century-old First Baptist Church.

The Reverend Charles W. Hadden, pastor of the church, prayed to God to bless this little piece of ground and make it bear as it never had before. Most of his neighbors, believing the age of miracles was past, expected another one, but instead they got a crop of old vines. But "God's beg," as the spot was sarcastically called by some, was sown by drought and frost and penitence and produced something of a record crop at the rate of fifty barrels to the acre, and folks came for miles around to see it.

Expert cranberry growers who came to Carver to see the harvest with their own eyes remarked at the time that the crop was extraordinarily bright with "bouncers," and that the berries had grown in thicker clusters on the vines than they ever had seen in the best of cultivated and fertilized bogs.

The record crop brought in some much needed money for the church, and a lot of publicity for cranberries in general. People from many states wrote letters to the Reverend Mr. Hadden ordering the berries from "God's beg," and paying better than market price for them. One man sent a dollar bill and asked just a big, healthy berry from the spot. He got it and an extra pound thrown in, with the compliments of the parson and his grateful congregation.

Tights Ordered for the Strip Teaser

ABOUT the time a committee of Congressmen in Washington were being told that the so-called striptease is a form of "native American art" which should be encouraged and protected, the Lord Chamberlain was issuing orders that the comely and shapely young woman shown in the photograph at the right must reveal less of her attractive person to British audiences.

In the opinion of the Lord Chamberlain and his eagle-eyed assistants the custom of certain theatrical managers of presenting performers who uncover "the form divine" by artfully concealing one lot of clothing after another is not "art" in the British Isles. If America chooses to glorify the strip-tease as esthetic entertainment that is America's concern. In England it is nothing more nor less than a form of "exposure" which, except in rare circumstances, is to be deplored and discouraged as theatrical amusement.

It should be explained that the girl in the picture is no ordinary striptease artist, of the sort found in almost every American burlesque show. She is a talented young Russian and the ballerina of a production showing at the Palace Theatre, one of the better show shops of the British capital. She can really dance. She does dance so well that she is one of the stars in a production entitled "On Your Toes."

Some of the ablest critics of the British stage have lauded her Turpichoven feats.

Yet, because her role called upon her to expose her body for one of her dance numbers, the censors regarded the sketch as a striptease and went into rapid and definite action. They called on the producer and told him that one of two things must happen—either he would have to cut that number from his show or dress the dancer, Vera Zorina, in tights which would cover her graceful form from toe to shoulder.

As producers will, the boss of the show talked of the place of the feminine figure in the world of art. He mentioned some of the more valuable and celebrated paintings in the city's museums and a few of the statues in public squares and on the facades of famous buildings. Why, he wanted to know, wasn't the "form divine" as acceptable on the stage as in these other places?

But the representatives of the Lord Chamberlain had more of this sort of Mother and ordered the man to do as they said, or they would padlock the theatre and, if necessary, hale him into court.

Next day Miss Zorina skipped lightly onto the stage and, as usual, began dancing. But when she was ready to go into her dance the audience discovered that she was dressed not unlike the man on the flying trapeze. Her flesh-colored tights did not conceal the pleasing lines of her legs or her torso, but they did cover her from head to foot and were embellished with embroidery about the waist and on the clasp-closing boots. She got it and an extra pound thrown in, with the compliments of the parson and his grateful congregation.

and it doesn't matter much what sort of costume I wear so long as I convey the meaning of my movements to the audience."



Vera Zorina in London's "On Your Toes," Which Brought the Strip-tease to England. Wearing the Tights Ordered for Her by the Lord Chamberlain, Who Forbade a London Equivalent of the American Technique of Gypsy Rose Lee.



George Moran and Charles Mack (From Left to Right), as They Appeared in Their First Motion Picture.

The "Two Black Crows"

Pitiful End of One of the Moran and Mack Team of Popular Merry-makers Recalls Some of the Jokes and Funny Dialogues Which Amused Americans for Many Years



Moran and Mack in a Friendly Game of Cards.

History Note.

MORAN: Tell us, boy, how was jazz discovered?
MACK: By a dog with a tin can tied to his tail chasing a cat with four flat tires.

He Had One.

MORAN: For heaven's sake, what's wrong?
MACK: I just saw a ghost.
MORAN: Did he give you a start?
MACK: Brother, I didn't need any start.

Confused.

MORAN: Nobody believes in dreams.
MACK: Oh, I do. I never did until one night I dreamed I was eating flannel cakes and when I woke up the blanket was gone. And I had another dream I dreamed I was awake and when I woke up I was asleep.

Help Wanted.

A farmer recently advertised in an Ohio paper for a woman to wash, iron and milk two cows.

Wanted: A herder for one thousand sheep that can speak French fluently.

Simple Mathematics.

MACK: On our farm the white horses eat more than the black horses.

MORAN: Oh, that's silly. Why should the white horses eat more than black horses?

MACK: Oh, I wouldn't be bothered with that. We tried every way to figure it out and we couldn't figure any reason unless it was because we had more of the white horses.

Censored!

MORAN: Say, Big Boy, I heard the other day that you are the man that was married in a cage of tigers.

MACK: Yes, sir, I am the man.

MORAN: Did it seem exciting?

MACK: It did then, but it wouldn't now. By the way, Little Bit, what do men call themselves after they are married?

MORAN: Hush, man, hush. This ain't no place for that kind of language.

Fastest Human.

MORAN: You didn't appreciate that job I got you last week.

MACK: Well, that wasn't no good job.

MORAN: Why, certainly. I got you a good job and you got fired the second day.

MACK: Oh, a good job—bathing dishes. Who ever heard of anything like that?

MORAN: Who said anything about bathing dishes? I got you the best kind of a job. All you had to do was to stick your head through the hole in the canvas and when the man threw the eggs at you, all you have to do is duck.

MACK: I don't want to hear no more about that job. Duck eggs. That left-handed man was brutal.

MORAN: How do you mean?

MACK: Oh, you know that man rung in a billiard hall.

MORAN: Well, when you saw the hall coming, why didn't you duck?

MACK: I did duck.

MORAN: Well, if you ducked, how did you get hit?

MACK: Well, I tried every way to figure it out and couldn't figure any reason unless it was because I paused too long. I would rather train lions. That's the kind of work I like.

MORAN: To be a lion trainer you would have to be very quick.

MACK: Well, I am quick. I'm so quick when I go to bed at night I turn out the light 20 feet from the bed and I'm in bed asleep before the room is dark.

Just Plain Horror.

MORAN: Do you believe in spirits, Lazy Boy?

MACK: I sure do. I went to de spiritualist's last night.

MORAN: You know him?

MACK: Yes, he de feller made my boss, Mr. Horowitz, change his name.

MORAN: How come?

MACK: Well, he conjured up a spirit for Mr. Horowitz, and right after that Mr. Horowitz went by de name of plain Mr. Horowitz. You see, de ghost he scared him out of his wits.



Only Reason He Could Think Of for Asking the Judge Not to Hang Him.

What, No Eggs?

MORAN: That was a pretty girl I saw you with last night.

MACK: Yes, that's Birdie Nest.

MORAN: And why do you call her Birdie?

MACK: Because she's pigeon-toed, has crows' feet, her mother calls her a goose, while her father feathered her nest and she has a bill with every tooth.

A MAN clothed in a threadbare suit and overcoat dropped dead the other day in the street in Ypsilanti, Michigan. A theatre manager identified the body as George Moran, surviving member of the old-time comedy team of Moran and Mack, known to radio listeners as "The Two Black Crows." But George Moran has turned up in California, working on a W.P.A. project.

Charlie Mack and George Moran, the original comedy team, had a row some years ago and Moran walked out. Mack continued with various partners, all of whom took the name Moran. But which one of these various Morans it was who recently passed out in that dramatic way was not definitely known at the time. The tragedy of the death of one of the famous fun-loving team and his burial in the paupers' cemetery recalls their former success in the pre-radio days as stars of revues, musical comedies, vaudeville, and later, on the air. Here are many of the amusing jokes and gags which made them rich and famous, some without the darkey dialect.

What Is a Miracle?

MACK: Why is it out of the ordinary?
MORAN: Well, because it's miraculous.

MACK: Well, then, if a cow was in a pasture eating green grass, that would be a miracle.

MORAN: No, that wouldn't be a miracle.

MACK: Well, isn't that funny? Why wouldn't it be a miracle?

MORAN: Well, because it's not miraculous.

MACK: Well, then, would a cow in a pasture eating grass be a miracle, huh?

MORAN: No, that wouldn't be a miracle.

MACK: Well, if the dog chased the cow out, would that be a miracle?

MORAN: No.

MACK: Well, a canary bird up in the tree singing—would that be a miracle?

MORAN: No.

MACK: Well, what would a crow sitting up in the tree singing like a canary be?

MORAN: You got it now, Boy. That would be a miracle.



The Late Bert Williams, Old-Time Negro Minstrel, Many of Whose Gags Were Used by Moran and Mack.

Short and Snappy.

Great fire sale now going on; don't go elsewhere to be cheated, come in here.

Wanted: A smart young man to be partly outside and partly behind counter.

I have two nice, airy bedrooms for gentlemen, twenty-five feet long and ten feet wide.

Widow in very comfortable circumstances wishes to marry at once two sons.

A gentleman advertised for a maid to do light housework, and one of the applicants asked where the lighthouse was located and if she could get ashore Thursdays.

Doggone Crazy!

MORAN: What's that you're readin' there, boy?

MACK: Mah frien', I done got a letter from de Byrd Exhibition to the South Pole.

MORAN: De letter tells about de dog I done give Admiral Byrd.

And he wasn't no bird dog, either. But de news is sad, brother.

MORAN: Has anything happened to de dog? He ain't dead, is he?

MACK: Nope, it's worse dan dat. De dog, he done los' his mind.

MORAN: Maybe de Southern part of the world was too cold, hey?

MACK: No, de dog's mind snapped when de boys loaded. De dog went crazy runnin' around lookin' for de pole.

Absent-Minded.

MORAN: Mr. Crow, you sure look downhearted. How come you ain't your regular self today?

MACK: Tse disgusted, dat's what.

MORAN: How come you got so disgusted?

MACK: Well, it's mah wife. I come home de other night, lovin' as could be and did sumthin' I ain't done for a long while—I kissed my wife.

MORAN: So what happened to get you feelin' no love?

MACK: 'Cause when I kissed her she slapped me down. She said: "De gas am turned off, de baby is sick, de butcher refused to give any more credit, and now you, my husband, come home drunk."

Thoroughly Investigated.

MORAN: I have understood that you was a blacksmith at one time.

MACK: Yes, sir.

MORAN: Where did you obtain a knowledge of that art?

MACK: Why, I learned de trade in my daddy's shop.

MORAN: So then you have followed the same avocation as that of your father?

MACK: Yes, he was a blacksmith too, and I'll never forget de first time I went into my daddy's shop, as long as I remember it.

MORAN: Why not?

MACK: 'Cause de first time I eber went into my daddy's shop, I seen a red hot hors-shoe layin' right down near de anvil and I picked it up and laid it right down again widout anybody tellin' me to do so.

MORAN: I must say you was extremely smart.

MACK: Yes, sir, and de same day I was lookin' at my father blowin' de fire wid dem great big—what you call "maces."

MORAN: The bellows, you mean.

MACK: Yes, and by-and-by daddy went out, and I took out my knife and cut 'em all open.

MORAN: What, what did you do that for?

MACK: To see whar de wind come from.

Who Wants the Worm?

MORAN: Always remember the early bird catches the worm.

MACK: The early bird catches what worm?

MORAN: Why, any worm.

MACK: Who cares about that?

MORAN: Everybody knows the early bird catches the worm.

MACK: Well, what about it?

MORAN: Catches it, that's all.

MACK: Well, let him have it. Who wants a worm anyhow. What's the worm's idea in being there?

MORAN: The worm lives there.

MACK: Doggone, I don't even know where he is.

MORAN: Why, he's home, that's where he is.

MACK: Well, I'd rather not hear any more about it. Which is the early bird?

MORAN: Why the first bird gets there is the early bird.

MACK: What causes that?

MORAN: Because he is the first bird there.

MACK: Yeah, but suppose some other bird got there ahead of him. Boy, you don't see no thing anything.

Nobody Home.

MORAN: Good morning, Big Boy.

MACK: Good morning, Little Bit.

MORAN: What makes you carry your head down so, why don't you walk with your head upright, like me?

MACK: You eber bin frim a field ob wheat when it's ripe?

MORAN: Of course, what's that to do with my question?

MACK: Oh, noffin, did you eber notice some ob de heads stan' up and some hang down?

MORAN: Yes—well?

MACK: Dem what stan' up an empty.

Long, Long Trail.

MORAN: Big Boy, you have the reputation of being one of the smartest men in creation, what do you think is the greatest fool you ever performed?

MACK: I made so many pairs of shoes in one day that it took ten days to want them.

MORAN: That's nothing.

MACK: Can you equal it?

MORAN: I can double it.

MACK: Please do relate.

MORAN: When I was a boy I worked on a farm, and I built so much stone wall in one day that it took me a week to walk home again.

Drew the Line.

MORAN: Say, Big Boy, how is your oldest sister these days?

MACK: Oh, she's all right.

MORAN: Where is she living?

MACK: Out in Twin Falls, Idaho.

MORAN: Married?

MACK: Yep.

MORAN: Any children?

MACK: Yep, two.

MORAN: And your brother, where is he living now?

MACK: Three Rivers, Mich.

MORAN: Is he married?

MACK: Yep.

MORAN: Any children?

MACK: Yep, triplets.

MORAN: Is that so? Well, that is quite a coincidence. Your sister lives in Twin Falls and has twins and your brother lives at Three Rivers and has triplets. You know, I was always fond of your youngest sister, she is an awfully nice girl. I don't suppose she's married yet, is she?

MACK: No, dad says she can't marry.

MORAN: Your dad says she can't marry, why not?

MACK: 'Cause de fellow she's stuck on lives up in The Thousand Islands.

Simple Proof.

MORAN: What's an alibi?
MACK: A alibi is proving that you was where you was when you want, and that you wasn't where you was when you was.

And No Telescope.

MORAN: I see your wife's back from California.
MACK: I always knew she wore a low-neck dress, but I never knew that you could see her back from California.

A Plea of Clemency.

A colored gentleman, on trial for his life in a Tennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"All ah has to say is this, Judge. 'If you-all hangs me, you-all hangs de best bass singer in Tennessee."

World Wants.

MORAN: I saw some funny advertisements in the paper this morning under the head of wants.

MACK: What were they?

MORAN: Wanted: The bid of a box on the ear; the handle of the cup of affliction; the cow that gave the milk of loving kindness; a bowl of the balm of consolation; a few hairs from the tail of woe.

Identification Marks.

MACK: Well, boy, I'm going down to feed the pigs so I'll meet you down at the pig pen.

MORAN: I'll meet you at the pig pen. You better keep your hat on so I'll know you.

MACK: If I got there first, I'll make a chalk mark and if you get there first, you rub it out.

Back to Earth.

MACK: Mr. Johnson, what are we made from?

MORAN: The good book says we are made from dirt.

MACK: Is that so? I can see now why you never take a bath.

MORAN: Why?

MACK: If you do your name is mud.

Success at Last.

MORAN: How do you get dat black eye?

MACK: De spiritualist give it to me.

MORAN: Why he hit you?

MACK: I hit him first, because my college teacher once gave me de advice.

MORAN: Advice? Did he tell you to hit de spiritualist?

MACK: Sort of, yes. But before I hit de spiritualist, I asked him if he was happy, and he said he was, so then I smacked him on de nose.

MORAN: Hey, I don't get dis, Big Boy. How come you got advice to hit de spiritualist when you ask him if he happy?

MACK: Well, de college teacher he done told me I would never amount to anything until I struck a happy medium.

Anchored With Paper.

MORAN: I learn by the public print, Big Boy, that your house had a very narrow escape from destruction.

MACK: Yes, sir, it stood right in the line of the tornado, and was in the very center of the devastating devastation.

MORAN: How then did your house alone withstand the fury of the wind while your neighbors were rendered homeless?

MACK: Why, you see, I had my house so heavily mortgaged that the tornado couldn't budge it.

Check and Double Check.

MORAN: Dat's a fine pair of shoes youse wearin' dere, my frien'.

MACK: Yeh, I done checked de store man out dem.

MORAN: How come? I seen you give him de check.

MACK: Sure de check is got money behind it in de bank, but dat man he can't cash it.

MORAN: He can, too, I saw you sign it.

MACK: Sure I signed it, big boy, but wait till dat man git to de bank. I don't fill in de amount.

Fit to Kill.

The wooden-legged preacher was admiring the hens from outside the fence. "Ah, Brother Johnson, dem hens o' yours is in fine condition."

"They are in, parson. If all of us was as fit to be as dem hens is there wouldn't be a thing for you to preach about."

Economy.

MACK: I used to grow pigs. We used to buy young pigs in August and then we would sell them in April.

MORAN: What did you pay for the pigs in August?

MACK: Well, \$5 each.

MORAN: What did you sell them for in April?

MACK: \$4 each.

MORAN: You paid \$4 in August and sold them in April for \$4. Why, you can't make any money that way.

MACK: No, we found that out.



The One-Legged Parson and the Hens.

Noble Cutthroats, Courtesans and Black Sheep, Some of Whose Descendants Are the Cream of England's Titled Crop Today



**The
Scoundrelly
Lord
Mohun,
Leader
of a
Gang of
Street
Toughs
and
Titled**

Terrorized London. He Killed William

LONDON, May 8. — "THE COMPLETE PEERAGE" of England, the ninth volume of which has just been published here, is making members of the ruling families squirm uneasily. It seems to them that the editors are taking their purpose of telling "the whole truth and nothing but the truth" altogether too seriously. This authoritative and official history is boldly uncovering skeletons in some of the very best-panoplied estates and giving the public some of the rawest reading since the days of King Henry the Eighth.

To be sure, many of the noble lines came to a dead end long ago, and in such cases it doesn't matter much if they also came to a bad end. But others of the families have increased so that now the revelation of each villainous ancestral deed causes a thousand "blue-bloods" to turn red.

In theory the volumes climb each family tree only up to Queen Victoria's time but if members of early families are still living, the lineage is traced right down to them. It brings the reader to speak from father to son even under a score of generations and lays it frankly at the doorstep of the living heir.

One of the liveliest biographies is that of the Duke of Northumberland, Elizabeth Percy, the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland. By the time the fiery-haired girl was 15 years old, she had been married three times and widowed twice. One of her husbands, nicknamed "Tom of Ten Thousand," was murdered in his coach one day by a Swedish nobleman who hoped to clear the way to marrying Elizabeth. But the forces of justice chased him out of the country and Elizabeth accepted the hand, title and estates of a Duke of Somerset. Although her life was marked by a series of vulgar incidents such as being called the late king's "pale ale," she lived to the ripe old age of 86. Her descendants hold high government positions today and the present Duke of Northumberland is a grandson of the late King George V.

Among noble scoundrels, the fourth Lord Mohun stands out and shines as bright as any. He was, the edition reveal, tried twice for murder before he was 20 years old. This authoritative work states that "probably few persons have been oftener tried for the crime of murder."

At 17, Lord Mohun and his gang, some of them titled but many of them street toughs, terrorized London with a series of rowdy acts and impetuous duels. In one such duel Mohun killed William Mountfort, his rival for the hand of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the noted actress and the toast of London at that time. The House of Lords found Mohun not guilty and the decision started a storm of protest.

Shortly after the first trial, Mohun was tried for another murder and was again acquitted. His friend, the Earl of Warwick, ancestor of the present Earl, who, under the name of Michael Brooke is acting in Hollywood in the movies, was found guilty of the same crime. A few years later Mohun forced the Duke of Hamilton into a duel in Hyde Park in which both men were killed. After telling his offenses, the editors of "The Complete Peerage" make this comment: "Lord Mohun was not good-looking, nor does his face suggest intelligence."



Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Somerset, who, by the time she was fifteen, had been married three times and widowed twice. The Duke of Northumberland is her modern descendant.

At least three of the greatest titles in England today can be traced directly back to the love affairs of the Stuart Kings and that select band of women called the "Windsor Beauties."

Back in the days of James II. a country lass by the name of Arabella Churchill came to London to seek her fortune at court. Her parents were poor but of good family. James, who was then Duke of York, fell desperately in love with her and in the course of a few years Arabella bore him four children.

One son, James, Duke of Berwick, was the ancestor of the present Berwick, one of the richest of English peers, who is also the Spanish Duque de Alba. The Duke's \$500,000,000 collection of paintings in his Liria Palace in Madrid came into the news recently when part of them were destroyed in the civil war, which is now going on in Spain. But even this large sum is a drop in the bucket compared to his English fortune which is estimated at \$500,000,000. If this fortune should ever go, the Duke can always console himself with his 54 titles.

An early Duke of Alba once threatened to do a picture of the great Spanish painter, Goya, in that artistic gentleman's blood because he had heard scandalous reports that his Duchess was posing in the nude for the painter. The reports were true, but when the Duke arrived he found Goya working on a discreetly clothed portrait, over which he had toiled all night.

The Duke was fooled—but Goya did not destroy the other portrait, and a

A Contrast in Duchesses of Leinster—The Divorced One Lying Dead From an Overdose of Sleeping Powders, and the Present One, Who Looks as Though She Didn't Fear the "Curse" That Has Pursued Her Husband's Family for Centuries.

few years ago the Spanish Government caused considerable international consternation by using a reproduction of it on a postage stamp.

In Stuart days the children of love affairs were immediately recognized by and usually given great wealth and on them and on they often took an

Charles II, also had this intrigue with chess of Cleve- for the distin- now Dukes of on. But Charles' o Lucy Walter of ndson became the and Queensberry. tatable Montagu- of the pres- uch and Queens- of Gloucester,

was raised to the
a king happened
case of the Duke
Thandos. If long
up then the last
must have stag-
It was Richard
Temple-Nugent-
nville, Duke of
ndos.

interesting case
ington who won
g George II ad-
ste. George was
and couldn't speak

much English but Mornington could speak the "universal language" of music, and that was enough for

The luck, both good and bad, of the Irish Dukes of Leinster is almost beyond belief. In 1550, when the Fitzgerald fortunes seemed at their lowest ebb, one of the family committed the insane mistake of burning a cathedral, thus alienating his one remaining powerful friend, the King. The Catholic Church in Ireland. Archbishop appealed to the King to put an end to this outrageous person, who was down and out anyway. The indignant prelate said:

All Ireland cannot control the Leinsters.

The King thought it over and replied:

Another Fitzgerald tried to place an impostor on the throne of England and nearly got his head chopped off. Thomas Fitzgerald, called "Silk Thomas" because of his fine manner, started another rebellion with five of his uncles and all were condemned to death by hanging and were strung down before they were dead, their testicles were removed and burned before their faces, after which they were cut in four and thrown into the Thames.

The most recent tragedy happened two years ago when the first wife, the present Duke of Leinster committed suicide. She had been May Ethelridge, the musical comedy actress, who forsook a profitable stage career to marry the penniless Lord Edward Fitzgerald. At that time Lord Edward had no hopes of ever becoming the Duke for two healthy brothers stood in the way of succession. After a few years of married life, his affections cooled and he left his pretty wife. But



The Great Spanish Artist Goya's Portrait of the Notorious Duchess of Alba, Who Posed Nude for the Painter and Was Commemorated on a Postage Stamp by the Spanish Government.

The rates are fairly high for "roomers," about \$10 a day, but look what one gets for the money: a chance to talk with a Duke and a Duchess, although the Duke is deaf and has to be shouted at, and the privilege to use the ducal and lavishly embossed stationery. Although only one or two of the suites have baths, the inconvenience is made up by sleeping in beds which once knew the contours of Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," or of the more corpulent figures of George II and his consort, Queen Caroline.

The Dukes of Westminster have fared somewhat better and grow richer every year. The Duke of Devonshire about 600 acres of choice business property in the heart of London and is the wealthiest peer in the realm next to members of the royal family. He has had trouble, however, with his marital life. His first two wives paid him no return in the form of a son, and he had to wait for a third. This time he chose a Temperley, a member of a family of hot-tempered wealthy Englishmen. The Duke's first wife's death was once called "the curse of Irish politics." But it is doubtful if the new Duchess will better her predecessor. She is said to have been chosen for she has a yacht and nearly a dozen castles to worry about. Then, too, the Duke may be somewhat of a worrier for he is said to have once frankly admitted that he "fished for love a lot of some of the women all the time."

This Dukedom is one of the "youngest" creations in the peerage, having been founded 1874 when the Earl of Shrewsbury and Waterbury was created Duke of Shrewsbury and Waterbury. It was founded in 1412. Few titles families living today can claim direct and unbroken descent from such a period of time. Of course, many peers can trace their ancestry back to William the Conqueror and to Norman times, but their titles were created much later.



**of the Mistresses
Sir Peter Lely.**

Haig of Bemerstede, who played a distinguished part in the British Army during the World War.

The Lord is hardly flattering to the 11th Viscount Mountgarret, who, according to Lord Connell, a contemporary, was "a wicked, avaricious, selfish monster as ever I knew, a victim to his brutal appetites and thirst for blood." But whatever the Viscount's appetites were, it is known only that he died of a stroke, a sudden weakness occasioned by a meal of strawberries and cream.

Viscount Morden made a mistake when he decided to indulge in his Heineken. He was a man of letters who helped to behold Charles I. for various high crimes and misdemeanors. His third wife, who was an ardent Royalist, resented the decision so much that she refused to teach her husband a lesson in justice.

Much to the delight of her pretty maids, who helped her, she stripped her husband and tied him to a bedpost. Then she whipped him for nearly an hour until he promised to behave himself better politically. After the Stuart Kings were restored to the throne, she was publicly thanked at a Quarter Sessions Court for "meeting out justice where justice was due."



Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, One of the Mistresses
of Charles II. From Portrait by Sir Peter Lely.

love remained, though when Lord Edward finally divorced his wife, she was still being living with a restaurant cook to forget her sorrows. He married again. This time it was an American divorcee. Mrs. Raffaele Van Neck, who had once led a jazz band. This was too much for the "Duchess of Despair," as May's friends called her, and one night she took enough sleeping tablets to put a regiment to sleep. She was found dead the next morning. When her son, the Marquess of Kildare and heir to the dukedom, was told the news, he confessed sadly:

"I can't even remember what Mother looked like."

The Ducs de Montrose have also had bad luck, most of it happening recently. The present Duke who is also Marquess of Montrose, Graham and Buchanan, Earl of Montrose and Kincavine, Viscount Dundaff, and Baron Graham, Aberuthven, Mugdock and Fintrie, has had to take in boarders. The proprietress of perhaps the highest class boarding-house in the world, Buchanan Castle on the banks of Loch Lomond, Scotland, is none other than Her Grace, the Duchess of Montrose, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon and Duke of Châtelherault in the phantom Kingdom of France.

HE: And we'll never miss the money they cost, either! Everybody should know Grants sell good merchandise at lower prices!

The finest low-priced enamel made for all inside uses and porch furniture. Quick drying, hard, beautifully lustrous. Leaves no brush marks. Also in 10c size.

**Blue
Ribbon
Value**
one of
**GRANTS
BEST SELLERS**



25¢
A
CAN
ALSO 50¢ SIZES

ALSO SEE SIZES
Our tests guarantee the best quality on the market at these prices. No cheap materials—all high quality throughout. A complete range of fine, lasting enamels, paints and varnishes for every outside and inside household use. More than 52 shades and varieties! Full directions on each can. Also a large line of painting supplies.



**READY-MIXED
PAINT**

19 distinctive shades...
the biggest assortment
you'll find. Free flow-
ing, easy brushing,
weather-resisting. Cov-
ers remarkably well.
It contains all fine
finishing ingredients. For
use inside and
outside surfaces such
as fences, furniture,
sheds, shutters.

ARNISHES
e. quick-drying
or varnishes and
varnish. 6 pop-
sades. All high
clear quality
selling quality
prices!

BRUSHES—10c to \$

... face of rising prices—excellent quality pure China hog-bristle brushes, sterilized, washed, vulcanized in rubber. Smooth, easy-grip handles. Sizes for every purpose. 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ (varnish brushes), 50¢, 81¢ (paint brushes).

GRANTS *is the place to buy* **COLOR**

TOMORROW—all week, a great crowd of people will be heading toward the cheerful orange front of the Grant Store in your town.

They are the folks who believe in beautifying their homes with color. Thousands and thousands of them. Year after year, they come back to your Grant Store. Because, provedly, unquestionably, your Grant Store sells the best quality paint at the price in the country.

Paints of all kinds—one of the widest range of colors you'll find. Brushes for every purpose—*good ones*—better than your money usually buys elsewhere. See the story of Grant paint values on this page, and join the crowd who get a lot of pleasure and satisfaction.

beauty and increased usefulness in return for the smallest possible expenditure!

Then realize that this is not an unusual story of value in your Grant Store. It is a community shopping center for nearly everything you need for yourself, your family, and your home. Run by your friends and neighbors. They know just what you want and when you want to buy it. The *W. T. Grant Co. buys for everybody*. Making savings! Keeping ahead of rising prices! Returning dividends in quality. That is why Grants sells everything on a money-back, no-question guarantee.

Perhaps you know that GRANTS PRICES ARE LOWER. But do you realize how the buying

power of thousands of families combines to make GRANTS QUALITY HIGHER—GRANTS SELECTION WIDER? 30 years ago the young man, W. T. Grant, started business in New England on a new principle. He said, "Not how much can I get for myself—but how much can I give to my customers."

One visit will convince you that this amazing principle is still doing business behind every counter. Make it tomorrow—for the vivid, lovely selection of fresh paints that will dress up your home for springtime. Then go on to other things. It's only good sense to buy with your whole community. In that way you make every dollar do extra work.

W. T. GRANT CO.

Visit Your Nearest Grant Store for Other Home and Family Needs

CONNECTICUT

CONNECTICUT

Danforth—98 Main Street
Pawcatuck—100 Main Street
South Manchester—815 Main Street
Williamsville—159 Main Street

MAINE

Bangor—63 Main Street
Brunswick—72 Maine Street
Calais—159 Main Street
Fort Kent—99 Main Street
Hallowell—100 Main Street
Old Town—86 N. Congress Street
Portland—54 Congress Street

Sanford—180 Maine Street
Moosehead—66 Water Street
Van Buren—81 Main Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams—23 Park Street
Albany—149 Harvard Avenue
Arlington—819 Broadway
Attleboro—417 Main Street
Beverly—326 Cabot Street
Boston—395 Washington Street
Cambridge—100 Cambridge Street
Cambridge—621 Massachusetts Avenue
Chelsea—200 Broadway

MAINE

Bangor.....	63 Main Street
Brunswick.....	72 Maine Street
Calais.....	159 Main Street
Fort Kent.....	99 Main Street
Lewiston.....	95 Lisbon Street
Old Town.....	86 N. Main Street
Portland.....	544 Congress Street

Sanford.....189 Maine Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams 23 Park Street
Arlington 149 Harvard Avenue
Arlington 819 Broadway
Athol 417 Main Street
Beverly 226 Cabot Street
Boston 395 Washington Street
Brookline 141 Main Street
Cambridge 621 Massachusetts Ave.
Chelsea 300 Broadway

Chicopee 14 Market Square

Clinton.....120 High Street
Danvers.....13 Elm Street
Dorchester.....146B Dorchester Avenue
 76B Dudley Street
 583 Washington Street
East Boston.....31 Kelly Square
Easthampton.....41 Union Street
Everett.....119 Broadway
Fall River.....149 S. Main Street
Fitchburg.....493 Main Street
Framingham.....22 Irving Square
Franklin.....13A Main Street
Gardner.....18 Parker Street
Gloucester.....181 Main Street

Great Barrington 290 Main Street

Haverhill	52 Merrimack Street
Holbrook	210 High Street
Hudson	53 Main Street
Hyde Park	1244 River Street
Jamaica Plain	660 Center Street
Lawrence	473 Essex Street
Leominster	1R Main Street
Lyons	79 Market Street 31R Union Street
Malden	176 Pleasant Street
Marlborough	188 Main Street
Mattapan	1626 Blue Hill Avenue
Medford	16 High Street
Melrose	320 Main Street

Middlebore, 39 Center Street

Milford 164 Main Street
Natick 14 Main Street
Needham 974 Great Plain Avenue
New Bedford 828 Purchase Street
Norfolk Downs 37 Billings Road
North Adams 81 Main Street
North Attleboro
H. N. Washington Street
Norwood 60R Washington Street
Palmer 416 Main Street
Peabody 13 Peabody Square
Pittsfield 141 North Street
Reading 622 Main Street
Rockland 263 Union Street

Roslindale 26 Corinth St.

Rochester	333 Blue Hill Ave.
Salon	174 Essex Street
Summersville	240 Elm Street
South Boston	429 W. Broadway
Stonham	381 Main Street
Taunton	21 Main Street
Wakefield	473 Main Street
Waltham	305 Moody Street
Ware	85 Main Street
Watertown	55 Main Street
Webster	217 Main Street
Weymouth	18 Commercial Street
Winchendon	62 Central Street
Winthrop	19 Somerset Ave.

at	Waburn	105 Main St
----	--------	-------------

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin.....151 Main St.
Concord.....81 N. Main St.
Derry.....206 East Broad St.
Dover.....455 Central Ave.
Franklin.....133 Central St.
Manchester.....1023 Elm St.
Nashua.....94 Main St.
Portsmouth.....69 Congress St.
Rochester.....31 N. Main St.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport 139 Thames
Pawtucket 250 Main
Providence 317 Westminster
West Warwick 59 Washington
Woonsocket 170 Main

VERMONT

Bennington 106 Main
Burlington 56 Church
Newport 38 Main
St. Johnsbury 84 Railroad
Springfield 23 Main

100

reot
reot
St.
St.
reot

reot
reot
reot
reot
reot
reot

Lived Her Life Backwards and Died Backwards

Science Explains the Astonishing Case of the Woman Who Had a Real "Second Childhood" and Similar Cases of Worried Grownups Who Wish So Hard for the Carefree Days of Childhood That They Drop Years From Their Mental Age

Shakespeare's "Seven Ages."
1—At First the Infant, Mewling and Pinking in the Nurse's Arms.

"SECOND CHILDHOOD" is a common expression for people who have become silly in their old age. But Dr. Beverly R. Tucker, professor of nervous and mental diseases, at Virginia Medical College, has reported the case of a woman, sixty-one years old, who "regressed" at the rate of a year every two or three months, back through childhood to babbling infancy, until she reached the stage of a newborn baby. Then she fished herself up in the position of an unborn infant and slowly stopped breathing.

Shakespeare listed the "Seven Ages of Man," but the great dramatist seemed unaware that sometimes aged persons lived their lives backward and die in a second infancy.

Cases are plentiful of men and women who at various ages have turned around on the road of life and fled backward various distances toward the cradle, but instances like this individual who have made a complete roundtrip of sixty-one years are almost, though not quite, unknown. The cause is always the same, an attempt to escape the problems and responsibilities of mature life by fleeing back to the protected irresponsibility of childhood. Most of these "regressors" find that there is no real escape to the second infancy, and after a while return to normal.

Mrs. X, whose real name is concealed, had reached her late fifties, healthy, happy and seemingly a normal woman, in possession of all her faculties. But she was not quite a normal person, because she had never learned to make decisions for herself. When this necessity was suddenly thrust on her she ran away from it mentally.

Born of a fine old Virginia family, just after the Civil War, she was reared so tenderly, according to Dr. Tucker's report in The Virginia Medical Monthly, as to be sheltered from all shocks and problems of the world. Parent, governess or teacher was always at hand to tell her the right thing to do, she always did it and everything always turned out right in what appeared to her to be "the best of all possible worlds."

"From this sheltered, unmarried life," says Professor Tucker, "she had been lovingly transferred into the strong protective, matrimonial arms of an adoring husband. Her husband was a corporation official, intelligent, alert but at the same time exceedingly gentle toward and proud of his rather fragile and beautiful young wife."

Not only did this ideal husband insulate her from every pain and grief but he found that it pleased his wife to have him decide everything for her. Servants decided the little problems of the household or brought them to the housekeeper who made decisions or handed them up to Mr. X. When her three children were born doctors and nurses were there to tell her just what to do and later any problem the governess could not solve was passed over the mother's head to the husband. She never bought a railway ticket in her life nor traveled even the shortest distance without someone along "to see to everything." Mr. X even selected her gowns, hats and shoes for her.

Then just as the children were reaching maturity, this husband who had been carrying all his wife's mental burdens, on top of his own, laid them all down and died. She suddenly found herself the head of a family and with an estate to manage. The children now



2—And then the Whining School-boy, With His Satchel And Shining Morning Face Creep-Like Snail Unwillingly to School.



3—And Then the Lover, Sighing Like Furnace, With a Worful Ballad Made to His Mistress' Eye-brow.



Shakespeare's Famous "Seven Ages of Man." (From "As You Like It," Act II, Scene 7)
All the world's a stage And all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages.



4—Then a Soldier, Full of Steam, Oaths and Bearded Like the Pard, Jealous in Honor, Sudden and Quick in Quarrel, Seeking the Rubble Reputation Even in the Cannots Mouth.



5—And Then the Justice, In Fair Round Belly With Good Capon Lined, With Eyes Severe and Beard of Formal Cut, Full of Wise Saws and Modern Instances, And So He Plays His Part.



7—Last Scene of All, That Ends This Strange Eventful History, In Second Childhood and Mere Oblivion, Sans Teeth, Sans Ears, Sans Taste, Sans Everything.

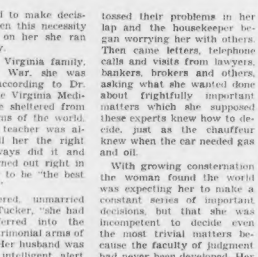


times and at others she would cry a little. She talked childishly, pleasantly or was mischievous and she delighted in trying to play often on the real, these doctors and nurses. She would play with objects as if they were toys. When her children came to see her she would act as if she were their child. Despite our efforts to the contrary, in a few months she was three or four years of age. Her enunciation became less distinct, she was careless with her spoon, spilling and had to be assisted with her feeding; she would prattle at times and occasionally soiled herself. She had ceased to read and would have crawled around on the floor had the nurse so permitted. "In a few months more she was in bed, moving her hands and feet aimlessly, and crying like a very young child, and only articulation one could understand was her frequent calling for 'Mama,' although her mother had passed to the great beyond some thirty years before. The patient would take no food, and she would roll it up and bug it to her, as if it were a rag doll. She now required liquid nourishment, because she could no longer swallow food. She was fed with feeding movements. She filled to be handled and fondled by most everyone. Her only recognition of her family was an expression of delight when they came to see her."

After six months in the sanatorium, the depression completed the work of the fortune teller. Mrs. X had neglected, making it necessary for the widow, now only four months old mentally, to be removed to a nursing home. There she soon assumed the peculiar, folded-up posture of an unborn infant and her only movement was one of gentle breathing. She was rushed to a State hospital but nothing was done to prevent the final stop in this regression. In a few days she simply stopped breathing. Her strange young trip of 61 years and the ordeal toward old age and back again had been completed. Also she had arrived at the same destination which all humanity reaches by any path, the cemetery.

The insane asylums have many patients suffering from regression, but few such complete cases as Dr. Tucker reports. In a case reported by Dr. John J. B. Morgan of Northwestern University, a young girl found it necessary to break off her engagement to marry a certain young man. She regretted that the youth was "simply impossible" and that no other satisfactory boy-friend was available, yet she could not resist herself to the disappointment of not getting married. The solution of this mental conflict seemed to her to be a return to childhood where, like heaven, there are no marriage problems. Becoming a child mentally did not seem in fact to be a disaster. Unlike Mrs. X, she was running away only from one problem, marriage, and playing the child, but this brought so many complications that she decided to be

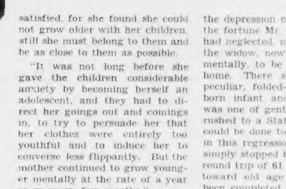
Foolish Old Princess de Broglie Beside Her Youthful Bridgroom, Prince Louis de Bourbon, ex-King Alfonso's Cousin, Who Had Been Kidnaped Out of Two Countries for His Bad Habits.



Old Mrs. Susan Simpson, Who Fell in Love With a 16-Year-Old Grocery Clerk, Burton S. Tucker, Insisted Upon Marrying Him, and They Have Led a Cat-and-Dog Life Ever Since.

reason than the true one. She said she felt it her duty to be more of a pal and intimate companion to her daughters so she was dressing like them in order to go on all their parties and mix with their friends. From Mrs. X's age of over half a century the life of her children had seemed a delightfully careless irresponsible existence. But when she dropped down to their level, she was disappointed to find that they too were constantly making decisions, highly important to them at least, such as which boy-friend to favor or what shop to patronize for the next finger war. Worse than that, she had not escaped any of her own problems. Girlish clothes and behavior did not stop the pile of unanswered letters from friends from growing higher and higher. Like a person who refuses to see his creditors, all she did was make the

The Late "Daddy" Browning, Rich New York Real Estate Magnate, Sitting on the Floor Playing With Two Little Girls He Adopted.



satisfied, for she found she could not grow older with her children. Still she must belong to them and be as close to them as possible. "It was not long before she gave the children considerable anxiety by becoming herself an adolescent, and they had to direct her goings out and comings in, to try to persuade her that her clothes were entirely too youthful and to induce her to converse less flippantly. But the mother continued to grow younger mentally at the rate of a year or so every few months."

Can anyone imagine a more fantastic situation, then, these three young people, at the giddy age, where normally they would be improved and cautioned by their experienced parents, instead, to be forced to give that same sort of conservative advice to a childish parent of 60? When a wayward child gets completely out of control, the unhappy parents finally are forced to place it under the restraint of a reform school or other institution. These three children were soon in that position in regard to their gray-haired but fantastic mother. They placed her in the sanatorium of which Dr. Tucker is the head. "The patient was sent to me," writes Dr. Tucker, "when she was six or seven years old, although her actual age was 61 and my associates and I worked ardently in an endeavor to set back the hands of her personality clock. She was a nice little girl in short dresses, rocking in her chair. She read simple things but rather badly. She craved attention, she laughed some-

(Continued on Page 24)

NEW SHINOLA WHITE CLEANER ANNOUNCES SENSATIONAL

3-Way Guarantee BACKED BY DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER



1. *Guaranteed*

NOT TO RUB OFF

This is the famous guarantee that made New Shinola the sensation of the white cleaner field! No ifs, ands or buts! New Shinola *guarantees* its amazing new formula against rub-off! Insist on New Shinola.



2. *Guaranteed* TO REMOVE STAINS

Grass stains, oil and grease stains, dirt stains... New Shinola *guarantees* to remove these stains that mar white shoes. You'll be delighted with this amazing new kind of cleaner!



3. *Guaranteed* TO WHITEN QUICKLY

What a thrill to see your white shoes restored to that smart, just-out-of-the-box newness! New Shinola is *guaranteed* to whiten shoes quickly. Try it and see for yourself!

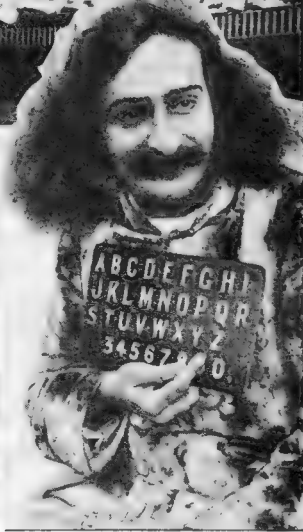
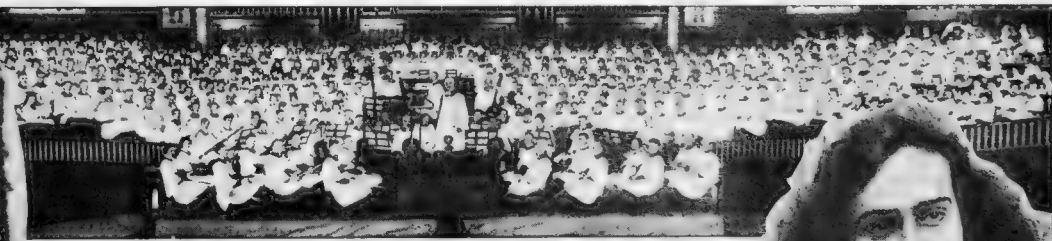


READ DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

Simply apply New Shinola according to directions on the carton. New Shinola is *guaranteed*: (1) Not to rub off, (2) To remove stains, (3) To whiten quickly. If you are dissatisfied in any of these respects, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

FOR *Guaranteed* WHITE SHOE SMARTNESS... INSIST ON NEW SHINOLA

Father Divine the Latest of a Long List of Evangelists Most of Whom Gathered Great Wealth and Many Disciples, but Met Disaster, Lost Their Money and Were Deserted by Their Deluded Followers



Shri Meher Baba, a "Holy Man" of India, Who Travelled About the World Refusing to Open His Mouth and Say a Word, but Answering Questions by Spelling Out the Answers on His Alphabet Board. He Claimed He Could Work Miracles and Had a "Message" for Mankind, but the Time Was Not Ripe to Reveal It.

[illegible]

A second example of another "God" is the story of a man with thousands of dollars who fell into his own trap. The man, Burnell, was the owner of the long-haired "Jesus Christ" Hee of David.¹ Burnell was born on a farm in the state of Ohio, and went to the University of Michigan just before the war. He had been as rich as Croesus, but at the age of 16 he was killed by a car in Argentina. He was buried in the desert and his body was found because he

[illegible]

It is a shame, says a Detroit-based writer, that he be denied that Detroit was once a city to be very great. "I guess I can't even assemble a cult as big as that fallen hero to 'King' Ben," says the writer. "I can't even assemble a cult as big as that fallen hero to 'King' Ben, a man who was a great leader, a man who was a great leader, a man who was a great leader."

"King" Benjamin Purnell, Who Promised His Flock That Neither He Nor They Should Ever Die If They Followed His Rules. This Photograph Shows the "Messiah" Shortly Before His Death, Which Discouraged His Credulous Disciples.

their money, property and earnings when they join his "Heaven's," as he calls the various headquarters of his cult.

Purnell erected buildings on the land established in an amusement park, imported a 200-cupped restaurants, secured the franchise to operate street cars in Benton Harbor, let his heard and hair grow longer and saluted to enjoy life with an angel that was beyond even his fondest hope.

He preached a creed of everlasting life, that all members of his flock would live as long as the sun, moon and stars, and there he sought to establish his kingdom.

One of the most abominable sins was to hold out anything

King B-1

Within a few years the colony known throughout the world. Its latest baseball team toured the United States and a large number of persons traveled to the island to see the life of the people. But so they have been living and have been. Thousands of curious to go to the island to see the ruins of the city and the zoo, and to roam the grounds of David grounds.

King then urged his followers to forego sex, but he didn't go as far as did Father Divine, who separates bands, wives and children with members of his cult. But it was a problem of sex which even befell King Ben, some fifteen years ago when two young girls, members of the colony, told authorities they had seduced them. Investigation revealed that the elderly "King" had laid claim to any woman in his colony who pleased him, and had arranged scores of marriages inside the colony to escape the complications of fatherhood.

Mrs. Esther Hansel, Who Told the Judge at the Immorality Trial of Purnell, "I ought to be in prison with Benjamin because of the dirty things I have done for him."

asked for a receivership for the colony and King Ben, an old and an ill man realized that he, who had preached everlasting life, was about to die.

Even this knowledge did not bring him to reveal his charlatanism. Instead he told the few faithful members of his sect who still were with him that he would die in a few days but that his body should be kept, as he would arise from the dead. He did the one December night with only his wife, Queen Mary, and the few remaining faithful followers around him. News of his death was kept secret and for four days the little group sat around the body, which was the same as his body, in their leader's way for long to come back to life. He ~~remained~~ although his unanimated body is still kept by the cult.

King on bought a huge tract in
Benton Harbor to shelter his flock.
Father Divine has bought several thou-
sand acres in a northern New York
county to establish a permanent colony.
Nearly every cultist of note has
started a community based on his re-
ligious teachings, probably because it
is easier to sway people who are in
constant touch with their theories than
those who are separated from them by
the demands of everyday common sense.

Across the lake is the State of In-
diana another "messiah," John Alexan-
der DeWoe, "founder" under the name
(Latter Day) of the "Apostolic Church."
DeWoe, a native of England on the shores

of Lake Michigan. I have been in the West since 1870. A tract published by the Chicago Clearances that I have examined as a true statement of the beauty of Chicago in the Spring of 1890. Just why he has been so successful in his work, I do not know, but I have taught that the world was flat, that

6,600 people were killed in the 1990s. The town's industrial sector, the Soviet-era Stroygazmontazh, lost 100 jobs a year until its bankruptcy. "Business is not going to be the same," says a local official. "We need to diversify."

It was not when the town was nationalized in 1996, Volynka took over the plant, a high-profile gold-miner under a power-law attorney-grantee run by Dowse. "We've betrayed our trust by leading a movement against our superior," Dowse says. "We have power and influence, but we have all this City people, and we have to be careful not to offend them."

From the above, it is clear that Dowse is a very shrewd and experienced businessman. He has been in the gold-mining business for 10 years, and he has a good understanding of the local situation. He is a very successful businessman, and he is a very good manager. He is a very good leader, and he is a very good negotiator. He is a very good communicator, and he is a very good listener. He is a very good decision-maker, and he is a very good problem-solver. He is a very good team player, and he is a very good collaborator. He is a very good mentor, and he is a very good coach. He is a very good role model, and he is a very good inspiration. He is a very good example, and he is a very good role model. He is a very good leader, and he is a very good manager. He is a very good communicator, and he is a very good listener. He is a very good decision-maker, and he is a very good problem-solver. He is a very good team player, and he is a very good collaborator. He is a very good mentor, and he is a very good coach. He is a very good role model, and he is a very good inspiration. He is a very good example, and he is a very good role model.

namurta, a Hindu "Messiah," who secured Followers by Disavowing Any Special Giving Back the Money That Had Been Given Him by His Disciples.

[illegible]

to Voliva's tent, and in a short time he had regained all the property he had

[illegible][illegible]

The results of the regression analysis are presented in Table 1. The dependent variable is the number of days of absence from work due to a respiratory illness. The independent variables are age, sex, education, income, and smoking status. The results show that age, sex, and income are not significant predictors of the number of days of absence from work. Education is a significant predictor, with a positive coefficient, indicating that higher education is associated with a greater number of days of absence from work. Smoking status is also a significant predictor, with a positive coefficient, indicating that smokers are associated with a greater number of days of absence from work.

(Continued on Page 22)

SAVE TIME, MONEY AND CLOTHES WITH THESE GREAT 1937 NORGE HOME LAUNDRY UNITS

NORGE

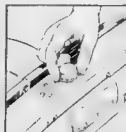
AUTOBUILT WASHER

WITH PRESSURE-INDICATOR
WRINGER THAT SAVES CLOTHES

Washing experts will tell you that clothes last longer if wringer pressure is correct for each kind of material....Now, for the first time, there is a washer with a Pressure-Indicator Wringer—the new Norge Autobuilt Washer. A quick-set dial shows the exact pressure being applied by the wringer—guess work is eliminated—fabrics get the same gentle treatment in the last washing operation as they do in the first cleansing by the Norge Feather-Weight Agitator. Be sure to have the new Norge Washer demonstrated to you by the Norge dealer in your neighborhood.



FEATHER-WEIGHT
AGITATOR



PRESSURE-INDICATOR
WRINGER

In addition to the new Pressure-Indicator Wringer and gentle action Feather-Weight Agitator, Norge leads with Steam-Sealed Tub, famous Autobuilt Transmission, Lifetime-Lubricated Motor, advanced Safety Features and beautiful Modern Styling.



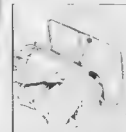
NORGE

DUOTROL IRONER

WITH SIMPLIFIED FINGER-TIP CONTROL

Marvelously easy to use! Takes nearly all the labor out of ironing—and does it in half the time! The Norge Duotrol system of ironing will be a revelation to you—simplified Finger-Tip control will make you feel "right at home" when you sit down to do your ironing on the Norge. A washer lifts only half the burden of home laundering—make your freedom complete by getting a Norge Duotrol Ironer, too. You can buy both at the same time for only one down payment. Terms as low as a few cents a day. Ask your nearest Norge dealer for details. See the Norge before you buy!

NORGE DIVISION Norge-Banner Corporation,
1400 N. E. Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich. 19



DOUBLE OPEN-END
ROLL



TWO-SPEED
CONTROL

Finger-Tip Control is only one of the advantages you get in the Norge Duotrol Ironer. A special Heat Trap cuts current costs, ironing pressure is adjustable. The shoe is Scratch-Proof, Chromium-Plated Steel. There are 4 layers of padding on the roll.

AGAIN NORGE LEADS



THE SENSATIONAL NEW *Norge Low-Temp* ROLLATOR REFRIGERATOR KEEPS FOODS PRIME FRESH 2 TO 5 TIMES LONGER

Again Norge sets the pace with an entirely new kind of refrigerator—the new Norge LOW-TEMP—that maintains temperatures below 40° instead of below 50°—converts food moisture—freezes more ice faster—and gives you all of these advantages on no more current than an ordinary electric refrigerator uses! For those who want the finest refrigerator ever developed for the home, Norge proudly presents LOW-TEMP Rollator Refrigeration.

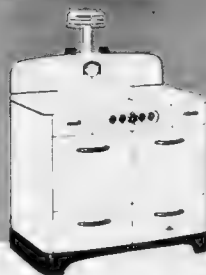
NEW FLEXIBLE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS GIVE A CHOICE OF 9 DIFFERENT VARIATIONS

You can now suit yourself in the matter of shelf arrangement! Change every day if you wish! Flexible interior arrangement, for greater usability is another great Norge list. Ask your nearest dealer to show you how practical it is.



THE ROLLATOR COMPRESSOR... exclusive Norge cold-making mechanism, has but three stoutly moving parts. It employs smooth, easy, rolling power instead of hurried back-and-forth action. Result—more cold for current used.

SEE THE DETAILS
ABOUT THE NORGE
10-YEAR
WARRANTY



NORGE RANGES

Personalized

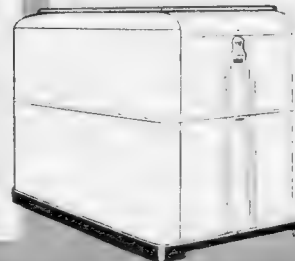
IN YOUR CHOICE OF FEATURES AND EQUIPMENT

Many variations in style and equipment to choose from! Now you can have exactly what you want in a new range. Norge gives you your choice of style, color and equipment—and gives you unsurpassed economy, new convenience to make cooking and baking easier and more certain in results. Your nearest Norge dealer will show you how Norge Ranges are personalized to exactly suit your needs—designed to fit your kitchen, fit your purse, and harmonize with your other appliances.

CUT YOUR HEATING COSTS WITH A NORGE FINE-AIR CONDITIONING FURNACE

Get full details now...

Norge is years ahead in heating and conditioning equipment for the home. The Norge Fine-Air Conditioning Furnace is able to deliver up to twice the amount of heat usually extracted from fuel by old-fashioned systems. Complete winter air conditioning is of special Norge design. In summer, cooling and dehumidification equipment—R Heat powered—may be added. Ask a Norge heating expert to survey your needs. No obligation.



SEE YOUR NEAREST NORGE DEALER

GENERAL EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

NEW ENGLAND DISTRIBUTORS: BOSTON • PROVIDENCE • PORTLAND

THEIR INTEREST IN THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

Volunteer Firemen Who Set Blazes for the Thrill of Putting Them Out and Odd Experiences of Amateur Fire Departments in Small Towns

THEY are the clatter of the fire engines in the street and the sound of the fire alarm bell. They are the volunteer fire departments in small towns that are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the firemen who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns.

Volunteer firemen are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns. They are the men who are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the men who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns. They are the men who are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the men who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns.

Volunteer firemen are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns. They are the men who are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the men who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns. They are the men who are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the men who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns.

Volunteer firemen are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns. They are the men who are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the men who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns. They are the men who are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the men who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns.

FIREMAN'S SONG



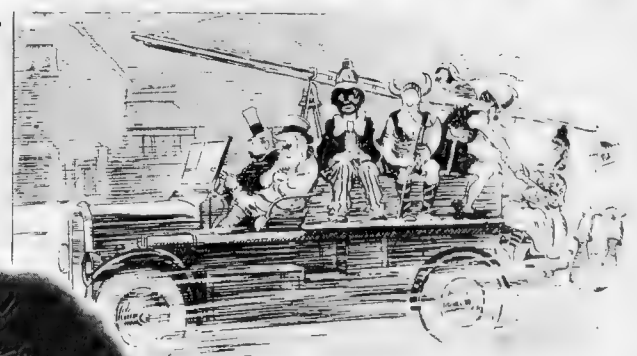
Front-Page Drawing on a Song Composed For, and Dedicated To, Volunteer Firemen Throughout the United States a Hundred Years Ago, When There Were Very Few Paid Fire Departments



View of the Charred Ruins of a Factory and Adjoining Garage in Upper Darby, Penn. This Blaze Was Set by Some of the Volunteer Fire Department and Was Quite a Thorough Job

Working, England, enjoyed an even stranger apparition when the fire came in the midst of the annual Christmas fancy dress ball. If Mrs. Jones was startled at six hundred, how much the stand brothers have left when a Negro, a Viking, a cave man, an Italian chief, Sir Walter Raleigh and even the Queen Victoria came to put out the fire.

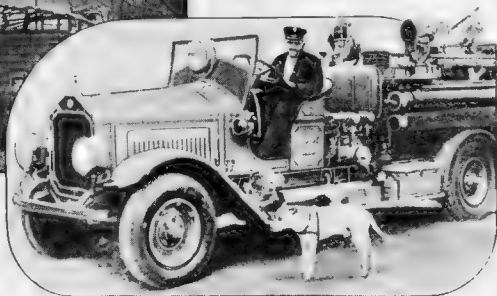
But like deaths to the undertaker, fires don't come often enough to suit the enthusiasm of rural fire departments and thus arouse the temptation to go out on start some. These are not only and dangerous times, but the motive is not purely but an almost irresistible instinct based in childhood, a praiseworthy ambition to be a hero. Almost every little boy has yearned to be a heroic engineer, a teacher, a sailor or a policeman, and a fireman usually the favorite choice because his performance is the most, most spectacular and theatrical of them all. When the boy grows up and gets a prosaic job in a fire or factory, he can belong to the National Guard, but to none of the others except the grandest one of all. In the volunteer fire department any youth of good physique and reputation is welcome. They get in by going through drills and hang around the fire house for months with perhaps nothing better than a few brush fires to put out. They get to speculating on which buildings would make good fires and which just ordinary ones. Finally they come to looking for old barns and other deserted buildings of no value and therefore no loss



Artist's Sketch of the Local Fire Brigade Which Received a Call in the Middle of Its Annual Christmas Fancy Dress Ball and Sprang to Their Duty Without Waiting to Remove Their Fantastic Costumes



A Firebug's "Tuck," Invented and Used by the Conventual Volunteer Firemen in Upper Darby, Penn.



Mr. Francis E. Ingalls and His Fire Truck at Guilford, Conn.—Probably the Only One-Man Fire Department in the United States

should they burn. The next thought with some is "what harm to burn it."

They have heard about the "tucks" constructed by the "tuckers" to start the fires after they are safely out of the vicinity. They try it, have the thrill of the job, as English the blaze besides the extra secret ones of knowing that the alarm is coming, and later of watching the fire marshal search his house over what started it. The thrill is such a success that they keep repeating it until they are caught.

Such was the situation in Upper Darby, a suburb of Philadelphia, a community with four volunteer fire departments. Last Spring, however, a series of events summed up in a single sentence: "The firemen were out of the picture."

It was a fine day, and the firemen were out of the picture. They were out of the picture, and they were out of the picture. They were out of the picture, and they were out of the picture.

Volunteer firemen are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns. They are the men who are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the men who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns. They are the men who are glad to put out a fire at any time, and they are the men who are the backbone of the fire departments in small towns.

U R C

Mme. Otero, Former Stage Queen, Reveals with As Made Her Rich Lovers Pay for Her Favors and Foolishly Tossed Her Money on Jewels as Fast as They Were Acquired



Sketch by the Famous French Cartoonist, "Sem," of La Belle Otero Pursued by an Aged Admirer at Monte Carlo.

Synopsis of Freeding Chapters.

I have told how my father was killed in a duel with the lover of my attractive but evil Spanish gypsy mother, of my wretched home life and how I ran away with a boy called Rasputin. Almost with my first stage engagement I found a rich admirer, a banker, who set me up in an apartment and called me with jewels.

Later I was in this life of a pampered bird in a gilded cage. I let my rich banker friend and became the petted darling of a wealthy young Spaniard, but his parents were all too strong for me.

I received a handsome baritone singer, a doctor, to my father, who gambled away all I had saved. I was married and my dog by triumphant engagements in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and New York, and, incidentally, became the sweetheart of a very rich German banker. Then followed a tour of Hungary, Rumania and Russia, with all the exciting experience with one Russian Prince and an affair with another.

Finally, Paris once more, good fortune brought to me an enormously rich Englishman, who set me up in a palace on the Champs Elysees with eighteen servants; but by my day I had lost him. However, I was not long alone, a wealthy Russian completely occupied my thoughts, and with my brilliant theatrical career my lives passed in a sort of agonized dream.

CHAPTER VIII.
By CAROLINE OTERO.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

WELL, my adventures were not over nor had I yet met the last of my admirers. I accepted an engagement to play in "Une Fete a Seville" at the Theatre Margny, which was a great success.

Just then, a charming man called Robert Kalmann began to pay me a great deal of attention, but I remember him chiefly because of a scandal that this caused. A very attractive, but odd and half-crazy woman was in love with him and he was jealous of me. One night she took a box at Margny on the first tier, one of the boxes that are almost on the stage. The machinists and electricians could not help noticing the nervous disturbance of her manner and became suspicious. One of the electricians watched her closely, and when I was due to descend two or three steps on to the stage of a bull-fight, this man saw her take something from her bag and aim it at me. He had the presence of mind to throw himself upon her and probably saved me by diverting her arm.

Good came out of evil to this extent, that "Une Fete a Seville" benefited by a wonderful advertisement. They had to extend the run of the piece, and they ended by putting in central heating and keeping it on all through the winter.

It was a great shock to me to receive just then a telegram from Przewski, my Russian lover.

"Come and meet us at Marseilles," it said. I had no intention, naturally, of ever seeing him again, but less meeting Przewski, and asked my friend Ferte to go for me so that he might arrange for my brother to be sent straight home to Spain.

But Przewski came to see me, all the same. I felt not the faintest emotion at the sight of him. He had entirely killed all my old feeling. Of course he protested that he still adored me. In spite of all my coldness, or, who knows, because of it, in spite of everything that I could say, he never ceased importuning me to renew the old association. I think my resistance inflamed him, but did not, I realize, that at the time, and kept on imagining that my unresponsiveness would end by discouraging him.

No such thing, unfortunately. It only drove him to despair—and to the gaming-tables. He hunted the Cercle and gambled like a madman, till he ended by losing every penny he possessed. Then he wound up, poor, self-tormented creature

that he was, by shooting himself on the staircase of my house in the Avenue Kleber.

He was taken off at once to Beaujon, where the doctors had great hopes of saving his life. It would be a long convalescence, they said, but if he were kept perfectly quiet he might well pull through.

After this warning, I never cared to stay long when I visited him for fear of exciting him. Every interview was apt to end in the same painful kind of emotional scene. At last I repeated to him the doctor's warning and temporized by promising to go to the South of France with him when he got well; then left off going near him for the moment.

While he was still in the hospital, my mother died. Some time before this, I had had her brought to Paris, so that she could have some medical attention she needed. She did not care to settle down away from her own country, so I had bought a little house for her in Seville. It was with real grief that I heard of her death. When our parents leave us, a little of ourselves dies with them.

Half the poet went when my mother went. I would have gone to Seville, but I gave it up because Przewski's doctor came to tell me that he was rapidly getting worse instead of better. I went at once to see him. The look of him appalled me. I questioned everyone around him, and soon found out what had been happening. Just when the poor man needed absolute quiet to help him to recover, dozens of visitors, especially women, were allowed to come and see him every day. They made a kind of restaurant of his sickroom, and champagne was drunk, night after night.

I tried to put a stop to all this mad folly. It was too late. Poor Przewski had no power of resistance left in him. He died, hopeful to the last, murmuring to his valet:

"Madame Otero is coming. Pack up everything. We are going to the South of France."

Sad, sad romance! I cannot think of it to this day without reliving in memory all its bitterness. His was the fourth death on my account.

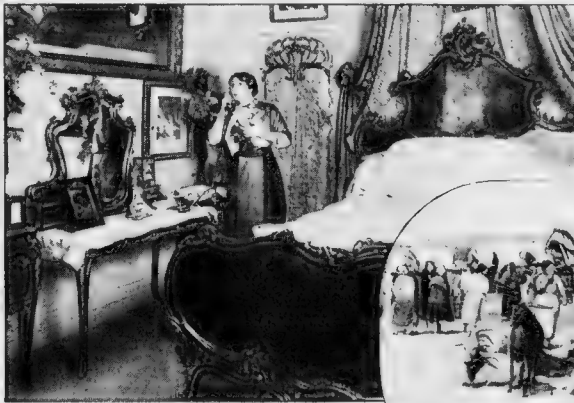
After his death, I found that he owed eighty thousand francs to the Cercle. Of course I paid it. I left my house, too full of painful memories, and took another, in the Avenue Henri Martin.

A little later, I was asked to act in a little sketch called "Otero at Home" at the Theatre des Mathurins. The sketch showed the star of the Folies-Bergere all surrounded with flowers and smiles under a cloudless sky. I decided to act the part, chiefly because it might help me to shake off my grief.

My partner was a youth called Leon, who had a very charming singing voice, warm and sympathetic, but it was many a long day before I could kill the melancholy obsession caused by poor Przewski's fate. It haunted me through all my pleasures, travels, engagements and the gambling that was my great passion.

I acted at Stockholm, where the lessee of a theatre in that pleasant, sunny town fell in love with me. The poor fellow was a hunchback, and a hunchback is supposed to bring luck; I could not help thinking it was a pity he could not accompany me to Monte Carlo.

Then I went again to Russia, where Prince Peter was still to the fore, as charming and gentle as ever, and full of tender kindness towards me. I had my usual success with my faithful St. Petersburg public. I got there just after Thybl, who had been there, but was not allowed to end the performance. In Moscow, where I had to give a few performances, I met Rasputin, the man whose personality was intriguing the whole world. His reputation in Moscow was terrific at that time. They even said that he worked miracles. One day, they would say, he had taken home with him a paralyzed child, who had forthwith walked. The next it was a



Photograph of Otero in Her Luxuriously Furnished Home in Paris at the Height of Her Prosperity.



Otero in One of Her Stage Performances at the Palais de Danse During the Seville Festival.

woman dying of cancer whom he had cured. There was no limit to what they said. One story was about a skeptic who pretended that he was not able to walk. He lay in bed and sent for the great healer. Rasputin came to see him, and gave him his blessing. When he had left, the sham paralytic tried to rise, and found he could not.

There were even the rumors (now well known) of the prodigious influence of Rasputin on the Empress. All this gave me a great curiosity to see the man for myself. Accordingly, one day, I dressed myself like a woman of the people and went to the little house in Moscow where he lived.

I had to wait some time. Then he appeared, very striking to look at, with his pale face and ravaged features. I went up to him with downcast eyes and told him I was in great misery, had had nothing to eat that day, and so on.

After hearing me out, Rasputin said to me: "Listen, my child; you will sit down there and wait a few minutes. The very first offering anyone brings me shall be yours."

I had to go through with my mission, and waited wondering with some fear, why the monk's vaunted powers had not made him discover the truth about me. He may have had some genuine miraculous gift, but apparently it did not stretch to discerning the truth always.

I did not wait long when a maid brought me a drove up with a son in who handed Rasputin five hundred rubles. He sat once to eat them over to me. What was I to do? To the alms, and hand them to some poor person? That was what I decided to do after hastily kissing the monk. I admit that I felt rather anxious and afraid of exposure. Fortunately, my contact ended the next day, and I was able to get away from Moscow.

I went to St. Petersburg to finish my engagement there. Once more, I took a villa on the islands.

One night, as I was getting near my home there seemed an unusual disturbance about. People were shouting and running to and fro; smoke was rising. I asked the passers-by what was wrong. They told me that a house belonging to poor people was on fire. I went to see, though Aragon tried to persuade me to go home.

A fire-fighting party had been organized with what means there were on the spot, but the house was made of wood and the flames were spreading with terrible swiftness. I asked if it

was certain that there was no one left inside. They told me that nobody seemed to know. The parents had got out safely, it was not certain about the two children.

I was about to go back to my house, but I was told that the children were still in the house.

I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

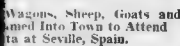
I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

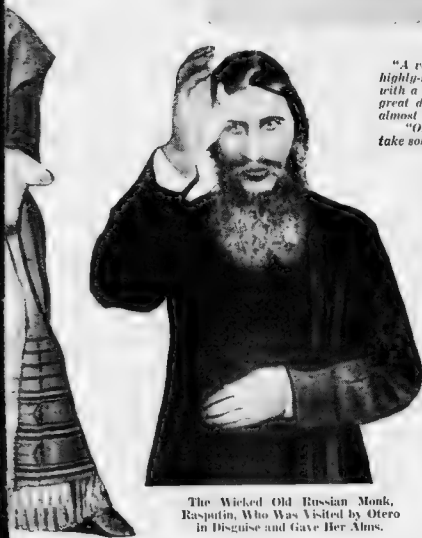
I went back to the house, and found the children were still in the house.

Otero in "Carmen," One of Her

Stonishing Frankness How She
and Then
ed Away
and
t as She
Them



"A very attractive but odd and highly-strung woman was in love with a man who was paying me a great deal of attention and became jealous of me. One night she took a box at the Matinee Theatre on the first tier, one of the boxes that are always empty. The manager, the electricians and electricians could not help noticing the nervous disturbance of her sitting and became suspicious. "One of the electricians watched her closely and when I was due to descend two or three steps up to the arena or a ball right, this man saw her take something from her bag and aim it at me. He had presence of mind to throw himself upon her and probably saved me by diverting her arm."



**The Wicked Old Russian Monk,
Rasputin, Who Was Visited by Otero
in Disguise and Gave Her Alms.**

ugly face and his attractive eyes. He must have been in sore straits for money before he could allow himself to cheat at cards, he who was so honest and well-bred. A new Des Grieux, he belonged to the race of men who simply cannot put rein to their pleasures or resist the smile of the woman they adore, even though it may lead them to disgrace or death. This was a fresh grief for me. He had always been in sympathy with me, and I felt a real friendship for

To distract myself, I plunged into all the pleasures, or so-called pleasures, that were suggested to me. I even consented to go and see sights I had always shrunk from.

My old friend Jacques Ribner came to see me one day and was very confidential. He was deeply enamoured, but he had no money, and the fair lady had no idea of giving herself for love alone.

At first I could not think what he was driving at. Then, gradually, he unfolded an amusing, if Machiavellian plan. I had the reputation of having none but wealthy friends. Anyone seen about with me at once became sought after by other women, so—would I allow Ribeiro to pass as my lover, and he would be certain of procuring the good deal wanted?

I burst out laughing. It was a cunning idea and I did not like it. But he went on to urge me with such comic fervor that I gave in. After all my role was merely passive; I had absolutely nothing to do myself.

"You may say what you like," I told him, laughing. "I won't contradict it—especially as I shall not be there!"

"Where will you be?"

myself, after all this time, in the atmosphere of my native land. I'm homesick. I long to see if the oranges are still there, if Spain still has her arenas. It will do me good."

"This is a rare bit of luck," said Riberner: "I've just been ordered to Spain, as it happens. Let us leave together. We couldn't have a better opportunity for seeming to be lovers."

So off we went together, Riberner and I, on purely friendly terms, and I learnt afterwards that

on his return to Paris, success crowned his clumsy stratagem.

Meanwhile, I had a wonderful time in Spain. I met the Russian Grand Duke Gregory traveling incognito. He too was on his way to the Seville Fair and we traveled together. After his cold Russian, he was enchanted with Spain at every step of the way.

There are narrow streets in Seville where two carriages cannot pass each other, and where crowds of people surge up and down, such as the Calle de la Cerpes, for instance, where every other building is a cafe or a confectioner's. The cafe-chantants where the beautiful girls dance and sing are still much like the little tavern where I made my childish debut. Pretty Andalusians still jump upon the tables and dance the "gota" and the "fandango" to the encouragement of "Ole! Ole!" and the rhythmic clapping of hands.

The things that most charmed my companions, who saw Seville for the first time, were the palaces of the great houses, where all the treasures of the house are found, as in the atrium of classic days. Trussed iron gates gave a glimpse of these interiors to the passers-by in the streets, with their mosaic pavements, decorated columns, fountain-palm-trees, statues and pictures. These magnificent counts have been built over garden-land, the palm-trees are so cleverly included, with such artificial spacing, that they seem to be growing out of

We went to the Seville Fair, which is not unlike the Fête de Neuilly, except for one special feature. The leading families of Seville have each a booth at the fair and it is their custom to receive their friends at these booths, where all the guitarists and male and female dancers are congregated.

It was with an ever fresh delight that I attended a bull-fight. I went with the Grand Duke and Gregory Ribner was to join us later. The crowd was indescribable. We mixed with it, breathing in the ardent, fiery charm of the picturesque and chivalrous people. Suddenly a young man stopped in front of me. He saluted me with a theatrical gesture. Then, tearing off his jacket, he threw it on the ground for me to tread on. All the people shouted "Bravo! To the most beautiful! Bravo!"

Reverting to my own country's ways—oh, the color, the movement and the vitality of them! I answered:

"On the Spanish garment thrown at my feet,
will dance a dance of Spain!" and I gave some
steps of the jota.

The crowd applauded madly. The Spaniards hummed the air, while poor Duke Gregory did not know where to look in his embarrassment. In any other country, men would object to attentions paid

to the woman they escorted. He asked me what he was supposed to do.

'Nothing whatever,' I told her. 'We are at home here, you must let us follow in our own way.'

[illegible]

Then a sort of urge to wander into the world seized me. I gave performances in London at the Salons Musées and at the Apollo, and also performances which were very well received.

[illegible]

I insisted today that I had a right to have a desire to visit Chicago called "Official Desire." I was then presented to the formal dinner which I went to South America. In public I was treated as a lady. I insisted on going and I did not go alone, which I thought was the best of all.

My impression was that the character of whom I had not heard any more, a good "I don't like it, you, I trust myself!" I said to me, and old I went, taking my dearest father and my musicians with me.

My performance at Buenos Aires went off well, except that I was always in a sort of coming out of my dressing-room by an attendant who declared that I had accepted supper invitations from them. It seems that I am, therefore, more like Monty in Moscow. He excused that minister should throw a little more of the party to get more of the other side to get the other side.

This enraged me and I obstinately declined to accept the hosts he had chosen for me. Champetris was infuriated. He refused to pay me in advance of each performance, according to his contract. Secure in my rights, I refused to appear. The program was interrupted, and a rumor got about

(Continued on Page 22)

(Continued on Page 22)

Successful Rules. Blows from a walking stick, and a kick from a heavy heel. Laksbaki told his assistant to Borozoff fled. A hotel waiter recognized him by his bandaged hand and gave the alarm. When he arrived at the Gare de Lyons, he was surrounded by waiting police. "So-and-so, whom we have orders to arrest," they asked him, quoting an imaginary number yourself under arrest. "I am not," he protested, "I am making a mistake," he cried. "It is Borozoff he," replied the police. "It is Borozoff we want," replied the police. He was taken to prison. My immature student, Borozoff, was found, among many others, in his home. We heard that Borozoff had poisoned himself with arsenic, and called his brother among his friends. But in my thought that he had not done so, I was quietly so as not to bring him to the attention of the police. He was well known to only a few of the top of the Borozoff family, came from an illustrious and poor family. He was a gambler. Some time back, he had had a fight with G. Back. The sham had been beaten, and had fallen in love with a girl named her name was Jeanne. He was a charming fellow, lively, with his

(To Be Continued on Page 153)

FREE \$1.00 Monogram Tray!

WITH YOUR OWN INITIAL MONOGRAMMED IN THE CENTER

BEAUTIFUL CHROMIUM PLATE
SIZE 11½ x 5½ INCHES

A LOVELY
BREAD OR
SANDWICH TRAY!

GRAND FOR
OLIVES AND
CELERY!

SMART
FOR VANITY
OR DRESSER!

IDEAL
FOR CAKE
OR CANDY!

GIVEN FREE!

WITH SUPER SUDS IN THE RED BOX AND CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IN THE BLUE BOX

SUPER SUDS
IN THE RED BOX

For Washing Dishes

SUPER SUDS IN THE RED BOX IS CREATED SPECIALLY FOR WASHING DISHES. MADE IN TINY HOLLOW BEADS THAT DISSOLVE INSTANTLY AND COMPLETELY—CUTTING GREASE AND LEAVING NO UNDISSOLVED PARTICLES TO STREAK DISHES. A HOT RINSE AND THEY DRY SPARKLING CLEAN WITHOUT WASHING! CUTS TIME IN HALF!



AS A MANIFESTO I KNOW NOW SUPER SUDS MEET. KEEP DISHES SHINE AND STAY IN SHINE. IT DISAPPEARS COMPLETELY. NO SOAP PARTICLES ARE LEFT TO STREAK HANDS. I ALWAYS USE SUPER SUDS FOR WASHING AND IT CERTAINLY KEEPS MY HANDS NICE LOOKING.



Super Suds

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE TRAY:

SIMPLY go to your grocer—get one package of *Concentrated Super Suds* in the *blue box*, created specially for washing clothes, and one package of *Super Suds* in the *red box*, made specially for washing dishes. Mail the 2 box tops, with your name and address and the *initial you want monogrammed on your tray*, to Super Suds, Dept. N-185, Jersey City, N. J. (Print clearly.) Your tray will be mailed postage paid. Use coupon below.

CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS
IN THE BLUE BOX

For Washing Clothes



CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IN THE BLUE BOX IS MADE SPECIALLY FOR WASHING CLOTHES. GETS CLOTHES HOSPITAL-CLEAN! IT GIVES THICKER RICHER SUDS THAT SOAK OUT DIRT WITHOUT SCRUBBING—YOU GET A FAR CLEANER, SWEETER SMELLING WASH!... AND CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IS SAFE FOR COLORS!



CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS NOT ONLY GIVES YOU CLEANER WHITER SWEETER SMELLING CLOTHES BUT ALSO REMOVES MOST DANGEROUS GERMS THAT DREYERS KNOW. LOOK IN ALL FAMILY WASHES YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR CLOTHES ARE REALLY CLEAN HOSPITAL-CLEAN!



PRINT YOUR INITIAL HERE!

Super Suds, Dept. N-185
Jersey City, N. J.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Free! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP



MAILED FOR ONLY 3 BANDS FROM PALMOLIVE SOAP

This beautifully colored Dionne Quin Cut-Out Book contains a colorful cut-out of a Dionne Quin... with dresses... coats, hats, etc. 6 1/2 cut-outs in all! Reproductions of famous famous painting of Dionne Quin on front cover, ideal for framing. To get your Cut-Out Book use coupon at the right. Cut-Out Book mailed to you postage paid.

COUPON FOR DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



10¢

HIGHER QUALITY

...why pay more?

SENTINEL

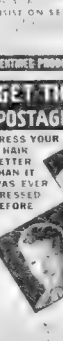
FIRST AIDS

SENTINEL PRODUCTS • CLEVELAND, OHIO

GET THIS FOR 9¢

POSTAGE STAMPS

 DRESS YOUR HAIR BETTER THAN IT WAS EVER BEFORE



 A DE LUXE HAIR DELIGHT

 LUCKY THIER MFG. CO.

 Dept. 1, Kenosha, Wis.

VEG-E-LAY

 HAIR DRESSING

 It makes it easier to comb

IT'S 10-YEAR ECONOMY THAT COUNTS!

Low 10-year cost wins U. S. Public
Works Administration order for
16,697 Westinghouse Refrigerators



Largest single order of its kind ever reported! 16,697 in one purchase! Six solid miles of Westinghouse Refrigerators! A record breaking order — and record breaking economy won it — for the Public Works Administration Housing Division was seeking the lowest cost for modern, dependable refrigeration in 34 slum clearance and low-rent housing projects.

To pick the most economical electric refrigerator they asked for bids from leading manufacturers, not on price alone, but on initial price PLUS a guaranteed ten-year cost of electricity. Westinghouse won! And if Westinghouse economy can save money on these government projects it can certainly save money for you.



*It's kitchen proof
in homes like yours*

When you ask "How will it perform in MY kitchen?" Westinghouse gives you facts. 89 Proving Kitchens in actual homes, like your own, conducted over 600 tests under actual kitchen conditions. You'll find detailed results of these tests in the Westinghouse FAMILY ALBUM which your Westinghouse dealer will be glad to show you. They are all certified and notarized. And they cover the very points that you want to know when you buy a refrigerator — better food protection, greater convenience, full power, faster freezing, and greater economy. If you want to be SURE of getting a refrigerator that will do more things better at less cost — check the facts in the Westinghouse Refrigerator FAMILY ALBUM.



Westinghouse COMPLETE ELECTRIC LAUNDRY

Do your family laundry in only a fraction of the time and effort required by old methods.
The Westinghouse Sumpster Washer does two operations at once washes and dries. It's safe, convenient, increases the life of your clothing.
The Deluxe Ironer maintains the correct heat for every kind of fabric, irons everything in the basket. Has two speeds — silent reduced mechanism.
You can have this modern Westinghouse Electric Laundry complete, or step by step. Ask your Westinghouse dealer, or write direct to Department 722, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio.

THE
Emperor

100%
of the
best of
the 10-
year
Westinghouse
line



COAST-TO-COAST USERS REPORT

Less cooking Cost

Westinghouse Ranges actually cost less to operate, or at least no more, than old-fashioned cooking methods — that's what 8 out of every 10 experienced users recently reported.
Cooking by electricity is *not* expensive. It offers the added pleasure of a cool, breeze-swept kitchen, time-saving ease and convenience, the "Kitchen-proved" assurance of having pies, cakes and roasts always come out just the way you want them.
See the new 1937 Westinghouse Ranges at the nearest Westinghouse retailer's store.

**COOK
EVERYTHING**

In the
**Westinghouse
ROASTER**
with New
**MULTI-PURPOSE
BROILER-GRID**

Amazing versatility — everything from hurry-up griddle cakes to a beautifully browned roast of meat or fowl.

Cakes, pies, biscuits, complete dinners — in endless variety, foods are deliciously prepared in this all-purpose cooking device.

Automatic heat control — any temperature from warming heat to quick searing. Easily portable, weighs but 2 feet of space. Broiler-Grid raises with out scorching the arms; easily cleaned.

See this convenient, efficient and economical cooking unit at your nearby Westinghouse retailer's.

**ROASTS • STEWS • BAKES
BROILS • GRILLS • FRIES**



**EVERY
HOUSE
NEEDS**

Westinghouse

"Don't Stick Your Neck Out!"

"Now don't stick your neck out, my friend.

You'll find it is best in the end

To use moderation whenever you swallow,

And buy better whiskey—a good rule to follow."



These choice Calvert Whiskies are created for people who know how to appreciate fine things...with the good taste, the good sense, and the moderation that discriminating people use at all times. We believe that you, too, will find it is good judgment to buy better whiskey...to "Call for Calvert."



Members of the distinguished Calvert Family are Calvert's "Reserve", Calvert's "Special", and Old Drum Whiskies, and Calvert's London Dry Distilled Gin.

COCKTAILS CALL FOR CALVERT!



Here's why cocktails click with Calvert: it's blended perfectly—to blend perfectly! That's what counts in cocktails...that's what counts in high-balls, too. And that's why you can count on Calvert...for Manhattans mellow as moonlight...whiskey sours smooth as silk...sheer perfection in all mixed drinks. So call for Calvert—at your favorite bar, or for cocktails at home. Below, we suggest two superb cocktails for May:



HERE'S HOW TO MIX A MARVELOUS MANHATTAN:

Take $\frac{3}{4}$ CALVERT'S "RESERVE" or "SPECIAL" and $\frac{1}{8}$ Italian Vermouth. Stir in cracked ice. Serve in cocktail glass with cherry. You can add maraschino juice to sweeten if desired. Either way—it's as mellow as moonlight!

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE A SWELL WHISKEY SOUR:

With the juice of 1 lemon mix a jigger of CALVERT'S "RESERVE" or "SPECIAL" and 1 teaspoonful of sugar. Ice, shake, and strain into whiskey sour glass. Add soda water as desired. Decorate with cherry and slice of orange. Sip it and...smile!

CLEAR HEADS CALL FOR

Calvert

WHISKIES



COPIED: 1911 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP. DISTILLERIES BALTIMORE MD. AND LOUISVILLE KY. EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHICAGO ILL. N. Y. C. CALVERT'S RESERVE BLENDED WHISKY—100% PROOF—straight whiskey in this product is 5 years old. 40. straight whiskey 5 years old. 40. grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S SPECIAL BLENDED WHISKY—100% PROOF—straight whiskey in this product are 5 years or more old. 35. straight whiskey 5 years old. 15. grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S OLD DRUM BLENDED WHISKY—100% PROOF—straight whiskey in this product are 1 year and 6 months or more old. 35. straight whiskey 5 years old. 15. grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S LONDON DRY DISTILLED GIN—100% PROOF—distilled from 100% American grain neutral spirits.

Costario



• MORE HEAVY
• SILENT • COMPARTMENT
• USABLE SPACE • ADDITIONAL
EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR



**GOODBYE
DANDRUFF**

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des

dreaming alone by the blue

life, water and beauty to your hair

Fitch's Dandruff
Remover
Shampoo

TRADE MARK

Des Moines, Iowa - - - Toronto, Canada

**MILLION DOLLAR
SECURITY FOR**

YET, TO SAY LESS THAN \$500,000 is to understate the value of the jewelry. The owner, who has asked to remain anonymous, says she bought the necklace in 1995, when she was 25, for \$100,000. She says she was told it was a million-dollar necklace. "I was told it was a million-dollar necklace," she says. "I was told it was a million-dollar necklace."

Atho

DEODORIZES SA

Dr. Scholl's

**I BOUGHT A
PINTS WORTH OF
A FEW CENTS!**

UNITARY PADS

ndy, you need
p, the rolling, smooth
p, the rolling, smooth
asure and
stant relief and keep
fflock and a



no-pain
pain is gone!

Meet My Mother By Edward D. Dickinson

(Continued from Page 16)

preparation that had helped to make their owner famous, but the only response they received was a shrug from their audience of one who was a corrugated steel.

He had to use them. Long ago he had discovered that to paint the elusive Clarence from life was almost an impossibility, so in self-defense he had achieved a composite portrait that was a little bit of everything, and looked it.

"Wasting my time," groaned Mr. Hibbs, in despair. "If he likes it he's even more of an ass than I think he is, and he can't be that, so I might as well call it a job," and he began cleaning his brushes, wiping them half-heartedly on anything that happened to be handy.

He was still so enraged when a disgruntled Mr. Sinclair appeared, cast himself into a chair, and hanging his long legs over his arm, announced in a peevish tone:

"I don't want to be unfair, Pippin, but your Elsie, Miss Pauline is a damn nuisance, and so's her horrid old mother, and Clarence is the worst of the lot."

Mr. Hibbs brightened considerably.

"You're not unfair," he assured his friend. "That's just what they are, but I didn't think you understood how rotten all this business was for me. I don't know I haven't seen Elsie for the last month, and I've only spoken to her twice on the telephone all that time."

"You!" snorted Mr. Sinclair. "It's me I'm worried about! Every blooming day I crawl down to the studio, and hang around for hours, but we can't start work on the film because there's no Mr. Mysterious Millet! And why isn't he there? Because he's gambling about all the time with your Elsie's Miss Pauline!"

Mr. Hibbs continued to brighten.

"I say," he broke in. "That's fine. I didn't know that. I'd heard that the first impressions at the party were pretty hopeful, and that Clarence really seemed rather smitten, and was actually coming to dinner again, that Elsie was working overtime, getting mother up to scratch, but not a word since."

"I suppose it means that mother's come out top of the class, poor old Robin, and I must say she deserves it. Between you and me, Robin, they've given her a pretty tough time."

"I wish," growled Mr. Sinclair, "that they'd made a thorough job of it, and done her in altogether," but Mr. Hibbs was quite shocked at such a suggestion.

"Damn it all, Robin," he protested. "That's not like you. It's it's selfish! I've thought of Elsie for a bit. She's worked her fingers to the bone, heaving Madam out of the rough, and she's told me so. Half an hour every morning tying her into knots like an old woman, and another half-hour wallowing

the hide off her with a rubber rolling pin all over knots. Simply frightfully exhausting for both of them but she stuck to it. The last time I heard she'd taken ten years off the lady's age, and six inches off everything else, and she wasn't satisfied even then."

"But what about my film?" demanded Mr. Sinclair, wrathfully. "Who isn't Clarence first, anyway?"

"Ladies first always," Mr. Hibbs corrected him. "You've got to be patient. Besides, when Clarence is married he'll start work quick enough. He'll want the money. It only means waiting a few weeks, and if he does marry Elsie's Miss Pauline, she—I mean Miss Pauline, of course—has promised Elsie \$100 all in a lump, so you wouldn't be such a mean brute as to grudge her the chance of getting a bit of her own, when you're booked for three times as much as that every week."

"It's all very well for you to be so damn philosophical," grunted the actor. "If it's wedding bells for Clarence, you come in on the ground floor. Bridegroom's present to bride—his own portrait executed by that rising young artist, Mr. Appleby Hibbs, and the poor goop may even be as blinded by love that he'll see what a rotten awful daub it is! I don't grudge Elsie her pickings, but I do object to all this hanging about. Why, when the blighter's through with his courting, he'll be off on his honeymoon, half round the world, and by that time I expect the film will have fallen through altogether."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Hibbs. "What you need is a drink. Lend me a couple of bucks, and come out and have one on me—that is, if it's stopped raining."

He went to the window, looked out and immediately came bustling back in a state of high excitement.

"I say, there's a telegraph boy just arrived at our front door. I'll bet you a fiver it's a wire from Elsie to say that it's all fixed up, with Miss Pauline first past the post, and mother cheering her home, and the \$100 as good as won."

"There are nine other people living in this house besides you, Mr. Sinclair reminded him. "Why on earth should it be for you?" but Pippin had already gone.

"He's panted," you lend me that spot of cash I suggested, I shall owe you seven dollars. It's for you," and he handed over the little orange envelope.

Robin Sinclair went weak at the knees.

"I know what this is," he moaned. "It's to say that the whole show is indefinitely postponed." He ripped open the envelope.

Just two seconds later he was dancing madly round the room.

"Listen to this, Pippin," he cried, and he roared in a crackling voice. "Win!"

"Millet broken contract. Elsie. Take chance with you as first lead. Win!"

"No!" gasped Mr. Sinclair. "Mr. Hibbs produced a rather when cheer that he tried hard to charge with enthusiasm."

"Hurray!" he said. "That's enormous! Good old Clarence. He has made a job of it, hasn't he?"

His friend brought himself one step nearer earth.

"I'd forgotten about you," he apologized. "I understand, by jove. That's pretty tough. He may not be back for years. You'd better bring an action. It was a firm order he gave you for the portrait, right enough."

"Haven't any money for that kind of thing," said Mr. Hibbs. "And it's a month bit of work, anyway, to paint your portrait."

"One of those days, my lad, and if you don't sit a damn sight stiffer than Clarence did, I'll blot your skull with green paint." Then Pippin went to phone Elsie.

In roughly a quarter of an hour he was back again.

"Good," said Mr. Hibbs, dreamily. "That girl's a marvel! It's not only her looks, it's her character, and her sense of humor! She's got everything! Takes a clout on the chin, and comes up laughing. I'll bet you anything you like, any other girl would be cursing like mad and blubbing."

Mr. Sinclair gasped at him.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he demanded. "Haven't she pulled off a scoop and won \$100? Why ever should she be blubbing?"

Mr. Hibbs became quite lyrical. "She's brought off the biggest miracle of the century! She's turned a sack pulling into a kind of Helen of Troy, and what's she got in exchange? The sack! A week's money in lieu of notice. But she's not squealing, bless her. She's laughing fit to split, and it's a damn funny, when you come to think of it."

Mr. Sinclair interrupted him violently.

"Pippin, you're dithering! Come off it, and explain properly. What's the matter?"

"The little artist eyed him in mild surprise."

"Sorry," he said. "Haven't I told you? Well, my Elsie was a bit too successful. But all got carried away by her art and all that sort of thing, and the result was so overwhelmingly that—she's Miss Pauline missed the boat pretty badly."

"Good!" cried Mr. Sinclair.

"You don't mean—"

"I do," said Mr. Hibbs. "Clarence has married mother!"

The End.

NO "THIN SPOTS" IN THE NEW "Soft-Weve" WALDORF



This Improved Roll Assures Double Protection—Double Value

MAKE the "light test" today. Prove to yourself why new Soft-Weve Waldorf will give you more comfort—more security.

When you hold a strip of Waldorf against the light, you will see that it has the texture of soft, smooth cloth. It is even, uniform. Entirely free from thin spots.

Now make the same test with ordinary tissue. What a difference! The ordinary tissue is full of thin spots that are liable to break at the slightest pressure. It has little "bumps" that irritate tender skins. You may even find dirt

specks, and dangerous splinters.

That is why Soft-Weve Waldorf is safer, more comfortable. Why you should have it in your bathroom. Every member of your family, women and children especially, needs the protection of Soft-Weve Waldorf.

You'll find the new Waldorf roll more economical, too. It will last several days longer than a roll of ordinary tissue, because you use fewer sheets. Order Soft-Weve Waldorf from your grocer tomorrow. It still sells at an attractive low price. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Fruit Recipes

Pineapple Fruit Basket: Cut large pine in halves lengthwise and remove all pulp. Combine diced pulp with that of 2 oranges, 2 peaches, 1 banana, 1 sweet apple and 1 pint strawberries. Lightly dust with sugar and replace into shells. Pass whipped cream mayonnaise separately.

Rhubarb Whip: 1 quart rhubarb, cut into pieces; sugar to sweeten; 2 cups heavy cream whipped stiff; lady-fingers or sponge cake. Simmer rhubarb until soft, add sugar, then press pulp through fine sieve, and chill. Just before serving fold in whipped cream and garnish with split lady-fingers or slices of sponge cake.

Rhubarb Betty: 4 cups fine dry crumbs of cake or vanilla wafers; 4 tablespoons melted butter; 4 cups sweetened stewed rhubarb; 2 egg whites; 1 tablespoon sugar. Use well-buttered baking dish and arrange alternate layers of crumbs and rhubarb and melted butter. Cover and bake 20 minutes, moderate oven. Uncover, cool, and top with a meringue made with egg whites and sugar, returning to the oven to brown.

Blackberry Sherbet: Two quarts berries; 3 cups hot water; 1 cup granulated sugar; 2 egg whites; 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Combine berries and hot water in saucepan and simmer 15 minutes, adding the sugar the last 5 minutes. Rub through a very fine sieve, add lemon juice, and chill. When cold, pour mixture into freezer tray and freeze to a mush. Remove, add whipped egg whites, and freeze again to a mush. Run a second time, then continue freezing, serving. This sherbet is delicious when served in half cantaloupes, and makes tasty dessert.

Madeleine Carroll says—"It's high time every girl knew this Hollywood Secret"



★ STAR OF "PERSONAL HISTORY" A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

BLUE AS THE SUMMER SEAS are Madeleine Carroll's eyes! And this lovely English star very wisely chooses makeup that accents their deep charm.

IT'S MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara... Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup by Richard Hudnut, AND IT'S MAKEUP THAT'S SURE TO MATCH YOU! For Marvelous Makeup is keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

DREAMS DO COME TRUE when you wear this new makeup. 9 out of 10 girls who

try it make the exciting discovery that they really can look prettier, younger, definitely alluring. Famous beauty editors, artists, and stylists declare it's amazing the way Eye-Matched Makeup can take a plain Jane of a girl and make her a glamorous Janie!

SEE FOR YOURSELF! Marvelous Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, and Mascara are on special display right now in your drug or department store—full size packages each item 55 cents. (Canada 65 cents).

AND YOUR OWN MIRROR, your own leading man, will applaud your new glamour!



MARVELOUS Eye-Matched MAKEUP by RICHARD HUDNUT

PARIS, LONDON, NEW YORK, TORONTO, BUENOS AIRES, BERLIN, HAVANA, RIO DE JANEIRO

English officer and lover with him... when she's in an odd mood... the heart of the Summer People. Read her sincere and friendly advice about makeup.

© 1935, by American Weekly, Inc. From British Rights Reserved.

ATTENTION!

here comes the "Sanitary Squad"

CLOROX-CLEAN
means GREATER
HOME HYGIENE



In lightening housework and helping make homes hygienically clean, Clorox performs the service of an energetic "sanitary squad." In every home there are places where germs lurk and thrive, a menace to health. These "danger zones" should be regularly cleansed with a positive disinfectant—Clorox. For Clorox cleanliness is the type of cleanliness that health authorities recommend.

This microscopic view of germs commonly found on mediumly soiled towels, on wash basins and other "danger zones" indicates the need for disinfected cleansing. Clorox is outstanding among these disinfectants which scientists proclaim best suited and safest for household use.

Clorox in your regular cleansing disinfected, deodorizes and removes numerous stains from refrigerators, glassware, dishes, dish cloths, drainboards, sinks, garbage receptacles, wash basins, toilet bowls, bathtubs, tile, enamel, linoleum, sickroom utensils. A Clorox-Clean home is a safer place to live in!

Germ-laden white cottons and linens spread infection. Clorox in the regular laundering process makes them snowy-white, sanitary. Clorox removes numerous stubborn stains—even scorch, mildew—from white and color-fast cottons and linens.

When it's CLOROX-CLEAN... it's DISINFECTED
CLOROX
PURE - SAFE - DEPENDABLE

No Curls
wanted on Closet Shelves

FOR A CLOSET to be attractive, its shelving must hang straight and trim... no curls, no ripples. "ROYLEDGE" appeals to millions of women for just that reason.

It lays flat on the shelf, with its remarkable edge folded over. Strong, non-curling, dust-resisting—Royledge lasts for months and months.

In lovely patterns and colors, at all 5-and-10c, department and neighborhood stores—5c for 9 full feet. (10c sizes, too.) "Royledge" is the biggest household nickel's worth on record... so look for the sticker that says "Feel the Edge" ROYLEDGE, 50 Gold St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ask for ROYLEDGE—whenever you want table DOLIES.

Royledge
SHELVING

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY Breakfast Steamed Omelette Prepared Corn Braised Bacon Canned Corn Fruit Milk or Coffee Luncheon Cream of Chicken Spinach Soup Chicken Custard Plain Omelette Asparagus Graham Buns Fruit Tartlets Hot or Cold Tea with Lemon Dinner Cocktail Curry of Lamb with Steamed Rice Raw Cauliflower and Black Olive Salad Salad Dressing Spiced Fishcake Surprise	TUESDAY Breakfast Unsalted Eggs Cereal Cold Cuts Milk Tea Luncheon (Company) New Orleans Biquoise Custard Eggs and Cream Salad French Dressing Sardines Beef Fruit Eggs Custard Dinner Salsanova Dinner Cocktail Jellied Lamb Veal Loaf Cauliflower and Black Olive Salad Salad Dressing Spiced Fishcake Surprise	WEDNESDAY Breakfast Unsalted Eggs Cereal Cold Cuts Milk Tea Luncheon (Company) New Orleans Biquoise Custard Eggs and Cream Salad French Dressing Sardines Beef Fruit Eggs Custard Dinner Salsanova Dinner Cocktail Jellied Lamb Veal Loaf Cauliflower and Black Olive Salad Salad Dressing Spiced Fishcake Surprise	THURSDAY Breakfast Unsalted Eggs Cereal Cold Cuts Milk Tea Luncheon (Company) New Orleans Biquoise Custard Eggs and Cream Salad French Dressing Sardines Beef Fruit Eggs Custard Dinner Salsanova Dinner Cocktail Jellied Lamb Veal Loaf Cauliflower and Black Olive Salad Salad Dressing Spiced Fishcake Surprise	FRIDAY Breakfast Unsalted Eggs Cereal Cold Cuts Milk Tea Luncheon (Company) New Orleans Biquoise Custard Eggs and Cream Salad French Dressing Sardines Beef Fruit Eggs Custard Dinner Salsanova Dinner Cocktail Jellied Lamb Veal Loaf Cauliflower and Black Olive Salad Salad Dressing Spiced Fishcake Surprise	SATURDAY Breakfast Unsalted Eggs Cereal Cold Cuts Milk Tea Luncheon (Company) New Orleans Biquoise Custard Eggs and Cream Salad French Dressing Sardines Beef Fruit Eggs Custard Dinner Salsanova Dinner Cocktail Jellied Lamb Veal Loaf Cauliflower and Black Olive Salad Salad Dressing Spiced Fishcake Surprise	SUNDAY Breakfast Unsalted Eggs Cereal Cold Cuts Milk Tea Luncheon (Company) New Orleans Biquoise Custard Eggs and Cream Salad French Dressing Sardines Beef Fruit Eggs Custard Dinner Salsanova Dinner Cocktail Jellied Lamb Veal Loaf Cauliflower and Black Olive Salad Salad Dressing Spiced Fishcake Surprise
---	--	--	---	---	---	---

Brighten Up the Home With Paint

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"As fresh as new paint," is a familiar saying based on practical truth. For nothing so brightens up a room or makes it more satisfactory without an entire redecorating job, when the shelves seem a bit worn, scratched or greasy, or one may like a change of color scheme. Here's another ideal job for the amateur painter—woman. Wash shelves well with ammonia water, rinse and dry thoroughly. Then tackle with either type of paint, working always on the same plane or in the same direction, so brush strokes will show least.

Kitchen furniture, particularly the small tables and chairs of the dining room, are all in line for a new coat of color. Remove pieces to porch or clean garage floor, where no dust or wind can get at them while they are drying. Wind is the worst enemy of the painter, causing an uneven drying, and thus later giving rise to blisters, bubbles, etc., on the painted surface. A clean and undisturbed garage is about the most excellent place to be found for the home furniture painting job.

Other small kitchen items will profit by paint; the garbage pail, always an unsightly if necessary article, can be treated to a silver or dark bronze paint, such as is used on radiators. The kitchen stool, scale or sets of canisters may all be given a complete re-doing with paint.

Be sure that each item is free of grease, which would prevent the complete and necessary adhesion of paint to the surface. Wiping down with a cloth soaked in gasoline or benzine is a good practice, always being mindful of the fire risk.

The bathroom, too, often requires a beauty treatment. For winter use may have caused it to be unkempt, worn and lacking in smartness. Use lacquer paint with white to refurbish the wooden toilet seat and its under side, to prevent mildew and dampness; the bathtub, the wicker clothes hamper, and the bathroom chair on which it is so convenient to sit after bathing.

If there is a children's room, it, too, may benefit by the paint-brush. Chairs or seats get scarred from the hard wear given them by busy, active play and their surfaces will last much longer if newly protected. If an additional piece of furniture is purchased, money may be saved by painting it.

What Happened to Other Modern "Messiahs"

(Continued from Page 24)

after one member of the cult who had been promised eternal life on earth had died, they still believed in the Prophet. He went on to carry out the "spiritual family" idea, and eventually had a different wife for each day in the week. But the idea led to his downfall. His devout followers who had believed everything he told them, and who had sacrificed their wives to him, laughed him out of his own "heaven" when "the son of God" had promised Mrs. Folger turned out to be a little girl. Even Mrs. Folger saw the humor of it. Deserted by his adherents, the Prophet was jailed for beating his daughter, and spent three months in prison. He disappeared when he was released and was never heard of again.

One modern Messiah who finally saw the light and decided the

SWEET AS HONEY

It took 400 years to make a pipe that's sweet on the first smoke. Yello-Bole does it, starts like a well-seasoned pipe. And the honey-curing keeps it sweet. Special attachment supplies (1) automatic free draft (2) double action chamber. The best pipe you can buy for \$1. Nothing else has its flavor.

\$1

YELLO-BOLE

SIR THOMAS KNEW THE SECRET OF TEA!

You, too, will appreciate that pleasant heritage left to every lover of fine tea with your first cup of Lipton's. Distinctive flavor, aroma and true economy is yours in every package of Lipton's Tea. At all grocers in convenient size packages and individual tea bags.

LIPTON'S TEA

YELLOW LABEL, ORANGE PERSE, ALSO GREEN JAPAN

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more substantial stories in a year than all the other non-fiction magazines combined?

Be modern!...

take the laxative that helps nature
COUNTERACT ACIDITY, too!

Dads a crab! Groceries as can be this morning. Complaining about an old headache, sickish feeling. Mom's going to give him some Sal Hepatica—2 teaspoonfuls in a glass of water. But even so, he'll be all day getting over this, I bet.

Wrong, Junior—you just see!

Dads swell again!

Full of pep... Grin a mile wide... Guess Mom's right... she says Sal Hepatica is the thing, 'cause you gotta help nature lick acidity, too.

Right, Junior—when anyone is constipated, he usually has acidity. And Sal Hepatica both cleanses the intestinal tract AND helps nature counteract acidity.

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Wednesday nights—Full hour of music, drama, fun, N. B. C. Coast to Coast.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

LOSE THOSE UGLY POUNDS!

And how easily, how comfortably is such dead-weight relieved with a smart "Sturdi-flex Reducer" designed by

Kleinert's



● Kleinert's new "all-in-one" of Sturdi-flex rubber fabric is a marvel! ODORELESS, perforated, completely comfortable, easily washed. Uphol. loss of soft firm fabric. All Solo hose supporters, adjustable shoulder straps.

The three-piece fitted back and controlled stretch mould your figure into rounded youthful lines and adjust garment daily as your pounds melt away. If you don't find Kleinert's Sturdi-flex at your favorite Notion Counter, send us \$2.00, two dollars.

To order correct size, just take bust measurement carefully. Kleinert's Sturdi-flex Reducers are sized to bust measure—every other inch from 32 to 44.

FOLLOW THE SIZE CHART			
If your bust is	If your waist is	If your hips are	Your size
32	25-26	33-34	32
34	27-28	35-36	34
36	29-30	37-38	36
38	31-32	39-40	38
40	33-34	41-42	40
42	35-36	43-44	42
44	37-38	45-46	44

Kleinert's
485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA - LONDON, ENGLAND

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of *The American Weekly* you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

I've found Starch that measures itself
STALEY'S STARCH CUBES

With these handy exact measure CUBES, starch is never too thick, too thin. Cubes dissolve quickly—give clothes a smooth, cast-on surface. No lumps. No wear. No sticking or stretching. Get Staley's STARCH CUBES today. At your grocer.

Free... Children's Party Book
Plan children's parties for you. Games, menus, recipes, favors, decorations. Send Staley's Starch. Cubes box top plus 1¢ to cover mailing and handling. 8 Staley Mfg. Co., Dept. A-5, Decatur, Ill.

Depend on REAL MEDICATION
—not mere cosmetics—
to HELP REFINE
COARSENERD IRRITATED SKIN

CUTICURA SOAP AND DINTMENT
101 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10038

Canning Strawberries

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

There is something wonderfully comforting about cupboard shelves that are well stocked with delicious jellies, jams and conserves. Someone has called it a form of "company or guest insurance." The woman with well-stocked pantry cupboards can transform the plainest meal into a "company" feast.

Sunshine Strawberries with your favorite waffle recipe are a delicious surprise for the family as well as the guests. Strawberry Bavarian cream made with canned strawberry juice is a dessert "fit for a king." Strawberries are at their best for canning purposes just before they are perfectly ripe.

All fruit should be used as soon as possible after being picked and should be kept in a cool place until the last minute. Handle in small quantities to avoid crushing. Wash carefully to remove insects and dirt.

Not long ago it was my privilege to visit the kitchen of a woman who is famous for her delicate jellies, conserves, jams and delicious pickles. I asked her

to give me a few suggestions to pass on to our readers. She gave me two rules that were given to her by her New England grandmother many years ago.

The first rule is: Have your kitchen and tools in order and all supplies in readiness before beginning the work. The second rule is: Cook in small quantities and for as short a time as possible, since large quantity cooking lengthens the time of cooking and produces inferior quality.

She said, too, that she prefers a mixture of slightly underripe and ripe fruit. The slightly underripe fruit contains more acid and pectin and the ripe fruit furnishes more desirable flavor. Her ideal jelly has a bright color and delicate flavor, characteristic of the fruit from which it is made. When turned out on a dish, a mold of her jelly is translucent and holds its shape, but quivers when the plate is moved.

Equipment for making delicate jellies, conserves, etc. may be very elaborate. On the other hand, it may be very simple.

It should include: pans or bowls for washing fruit, colander, scales, quart cup, standard measuring cup, large bottle for cooking fruit, long handle assen, jelly bag of cotton flannel with nap-side in or a sugar bag, a large tray, jelly glasses, a large pan for sterilizing jars and glassess, saucapans for cooking, teaspoon, tablespoon, tongs for melting paraffin, labels etc.

Canned Strawberries.
HULL and weigh strawberries. For each pound of berries allow 10 ounces sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Cook the sugar and water to a thick syrup, cool slightly, and pour over the berries which have been washed, drained and put into sterilized jars. Fill the jars to overflow, adjust the rubbers and screw down, the lids loosely. Set the jars on a rack in a steamer and surround with water at about the temperature of the jar. Bring slowly to the boiling-point and boil 10 minutes. Tighten the covers and let the jars cool in the kettle. Store in a dark, dry cool place.

Sunshine Strawberries.
HULL fine strawberries. Measure them and allow an equal quantity of sugar. Dissolve the sugar in just enough boiling water to melt it. Cook until it will almost spin a thread, adding 1 teaspoon light corn syrup to keep it from granulating. Put the berries into the syrup and cook 15 minutes after it begins to boil. Turn out on shallow platters, cover with panes of glass and let stand in sunshine 2 or 3 days. Turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

Strawberry Preserves.
SELECT large solid fine berries. Wash and cap. Use small berries for juice. To each pound selected berries allow $\frac{1}{4}$ pound small berries (crushed for juice). Cook the small berries for about 3 minutes while stirring. Then fill sterilized jars with the juice and add 1 pound until sugar is dissolved. Drop large berries into the syrup. Simmer about 5 minutes or until fruit is somewhat clear. Remove scum. Allow fruit to stand overnight. Then fill sterilized jars with drained berries. Cook juice rapidly until fairly thick. Pour over the berries and seal.

Sun-Warmed Preserves
(By Request).
SELECT fine berries. Crush and strain $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ pound small ripe berries. Add 1 pound sugar to the juice. Heat slowly to boiling-point. Drop a pound of the fine berries into the syrup. Simmer 5 minutes. Drain berries from the syrup and place on shallow platters taking care that berries do not touch. Cook the syrup until it reaches 221 degrees, or until it is fairly thick. Remove scum, add 1 fairly thick lemon juice and pour syrup in a thin layer over the berries on the platters. Cover with sheet of window glass propped up about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the plate. Place in sun for 2 or 3 days or until syrup has formed a jelly. After each day's sunning, turn the berries. Take in the house at night. Without reheating, put jelly berries into hot sterilized jars and seal.

Oh! It's just what I wanted

Electric Table Model, \$5.75 value for a limited time at... \$4.95
Kitchens heated for use on electric range or one burner gas flame, special, \$5.95

BRIDES' SPECIAL

Give a lifetime of happiness. Thrill the bride... and the groom also. This present brings better tasting coffee... protected by Pyrex brand glass, guaranteed against heat breakage. And there's a special this spring—

pictured above. It's beautifully embellished with a decorative shell of red or black Moldex, handles and cover to match, with handsome stove with handles. This special offer expires soon, buy it now at your favorite store.

Brewing completed without removing glass from stove.

Genuine SILEX
GLASS COFFEE MAKER
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
The Silux Company, • Dept. 2, • Hartford, Connecticut

THINNING HAIR?
Don't neglect it! Follow Glover's System. It has a record of over 50 years of success! It consists of conditioning the scalp—using Glover's Mange Medication and systematic Massage. Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. At all drug stores. Your Barber can give you Glover's.

NEED FACE TISSUES?
Ask for **SITROUX**
FACIAL TISSUES
FACIAL TISSUES
FACIAL TISSUES
FACIAL TISSUES

GLOVERS MEDICINE
AT 1 AND 15 STORES

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3468 TAKES SOME Dainty Features, enhances the FEMINE CHARM OF THIS ADORABLE PRINCESS-LIKE PROCK! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20.

Pattern 3469 GO SPORTY—AND DON'T FORGET THE SHIRT PROCK! THAT'S "JUST RIGHT" FOR EVERY SUMMERTIME OCCASION. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3470 SALLY FORTH TO INFORMAL PARTIES OR TEAR IN THIS SPRIGHTLY MODEL THAT AT ITS BEST IN SHEER VOLLE. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3471 BRIGHT-HUED BOW TO ACCENT THE UNUSUAL NECKLINE OF THIS GAYEST OF SPORTS PROCKS. COMPLETE WITH BUTTON-ON CAPE. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3472 WEAR A BRIGHT-HUED BOW TO ACCENT THE UNUSUAL NECKLINE OF THIS GAYEST OF SPORTS PROCKS. COMPLETE WITH BUTTON-ON CAPE. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3473 CROCHET IN WHICH YOU CROCHET YOUR INITIAL. ADDS ITS SHARE OF FLATTERY.

TO YOUR FAVORITE CHAIR. Pattern 3474 contains charts and directions for making the chair set and the entire alphabet. Initials can be used alone or in lines; material requirements, illustrations of all stitches required.

Pattern 3475 HERE'S A BECOMING PROCK THAT TAKES POUNDS OFF YOUR FIGURE AND YEARS OFF YOUR AGE! SMART IN LINES. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to:

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.
635 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Potato Surprise (By Request).

HAVE ready 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups, cups red hot boiled potatoes. Season with 3 tablespoons butter, a few grains pepper and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add gradually, while heating constantly, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup scalded milk and beat until light. Turn

into buttered flaked dish, pour over $\frac{1}{4}$ cup thick sweet cream and sprinkle with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coarse stale breadcrumbs. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, until crumbs are delicately browned.

"Camay keeps my skin looking Fresh as a Daisy"

SAYS THIS CAPTIVATING OHIO BRIDE



I have two hobbies, Camay and dancing. Camay is so delightful to use—it keeps my skin looking fresh as a daisy.

Sincerely,
(Signed) ANN HUNT
(Mrs. Freda Hunt)

FROM her brown eyes to her dancing feet, Mrs. Hunt is such a radiant, young beauty. Everything about her is glowing and natural—even to her exquisite Camay Complexion. She keeps her skin lovely, as you should yours, by simple care with deep-cleansing Camay. Camay is right for your skin—a beauty soap that is gentle, soothing. See if it doesn't bring a fresher, brighter look to your skin—a look of radiant, natural loveliness!

Then Camay's so pleasant—mild and delightfully fragrant. Camay's mildness is another important reason for the perfect care Camay gives the skin. Tested time after time against all other leading beauty soaps, Camay is definitely, provably milder!

Give your skin the stimulating, perfect care of Camay. Order half a dozen cakes today. The price is small—the rewards are great!



Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

WHY FOLLOW THE LEADER?

*—You can
BE one!*



NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression.

ANGLITE PISTONS, durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 100%.

AERODAT CARBURETOR—works like carburetors used in aerial ambulances. No stop, start or swing is swift enough to affect its even feed of fuel.

SEALED CHASSIS keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion.

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, for steadier, more stable roadability.

UNIMETAL BODY BY FISHER with solid steel 1/2-ton 7-up and No Draft Ventilation. The most complete steel protection ever offered.

TIPFEE HYDRAULIC BRAKES, giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures.

KNEE-ACTION COMFORT AND SAFETY, the true guiding rule.

"HIGH OUTPUT" GENERATOR—supplies ample current for radios, heaters, defrosters, etc.

JUMBO LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS, with more room than ever before.

DOUBLE STABILIZATION—front and rear—for a smoother ride and elimination of tire squeal and sidewall wear.

SAFETY GLASS, standard equipment throughout at no extra cost.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ LOWEST PRICE EVER ON A BUICK 4-DOOR SEDAN!

The beautiful big, luxuriously able Buick Special 4-door sedan today delivers at a price almost as low as the average for six-cylinder four-door sedans, while the lowest price paid. Compare delivered prices and discover how very little more Buick's straight-eight smoothness, valve-in-head straight, 25-horsepower motility and immeasurably greater performance, comfort and style!

GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR BUDGET

Dependable Buick quality underwrites every feature of every Buick car—and every Buick car embodies the finest value that General Motors science and Buick workmanship can provide.

WHAT you're looking at here is the kind of car you'd like to have—the kind of car you ought to have—the kind of car you'll some day have—why haven't you one now?

Yes, it's a Buick Special—stunning, spirited, steady, swift—but it isn't that alone that makes it the head-man of this year's motor car parade.

You're sitting on top of a world of thrilling action when you take command of this glorious traveler and head out where the going's good.

You rule a hundred surging horsepower with the touch of your toe on the treadle—you're master, sovereign, overlord of a broad-beamed, solid, stable, man-size automobile.

Drive far, drive long, drive hard—there'll be no fret or fumble from this smooth-

purring valve-in-head Buick straight-eight engine. Spend hour on hour behind the wheel—you'll find the last satisfying mile restful as the first.

Meet grade, level, traffic-jam, curve—you'll get the same easy answer from wheel and power plant; here's one car you don't have to muscle to make it do what you will!

Most decidedly, this Buick is your kind of car—in power, in comfort, in size, in style. It's your kind of car in price too—a mere three or four dollars more per week steps a man up from the lowest price group to this head-of-the-class performer!



STEP IN—AND LET'S STEP OUT—in the winning style of the standard car of the year for power, peace—and beauty too!

"It's Buick again!"

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR